

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

SONNETS FROM THE CHANNEL.

I.

WE are in the "Colored Caves" the sea-maid
 built;
 Her walls are stained above yon lonely fern,
 For she must fly at every tide's return,
 And all her sea-tints round the walls are spilt.
 Outside behold the bay, each headland gilt
 With morning's gold; far off the foam-
 wreaths burn
 Like fiery snakes, while here the sweet waves
 yearn
 Up sands as soft as Avon's sacred silt.

And smell the sea! No breath from wood or
 field,
 No scent of may or rose or eglantine,
 Cuts off the old life where cities suffer and
 pine,
 Shuts the dark house where Memory stands
 revealed,
 Calms the vexed spirit, balms a sorrow un-
 healed,
 Like scent of seaweed rich of morn and
 brine.

II.

As if the spring's fresh groves should change
 and shake
 To dark green woods of cedar or terebinth,
 Then break to bloom of amorous hyacinth,
 So 'neath us changed the waves, rising to take
 Each kiss of color from each cloud and flake;
 But this our tire-room, this wild labyrinth
 Of sea-wrought column, arch, and granite
 plinth,
 Shows how the sea's fine rage dares make and
 break.

Young with the youth the immortal brine can
 lend,
 Our glowing limbs, with these bright drops
 empearled,
 Seem born anew, and in your eyes, dear friend,
 Rare pictures shine—like faery flags un-
 furled—
 Of Child-land, where the roofs of rainbows
 bend
 Over the golden wonders of the world.

THEODORE WATTS.

Petit Bot Bay, Guernsey.

Athenæum.

VIGNETTE.

THE long waves wash the strand, the fog lies
 low,
 A moaning wind soft croons along the coast,
 And, white and gleaming like a new-made
 ghost,
 The seagull flaps along, heavy and slow,
 Then fades in the grey mist. Aye to and fro
 The scented seaweed, twined around yon post,
 Floats, falls, then rises, until we almost
 Deem that a mermaid calls on us to go

And join her court. The earth, the sea, the
 sky,
 Are one dear tint; then round me as I dream,
 Dead days arise and hold me in their arms,
 And whisper me: All men are born to die,
 And dawn is naught save presage of the gleam
 That kills our clay, e'en while it gilds her
 charms.

All the Year Round.

A LESSON TO THE BRITISH LION.

To Matthew Arnold hark,
 With both ears all avidity;
 That Matthew — a man of mark —
 Says, "Cultivate Lucidity."
 "Civil Courage" the Germans lack;
 (Query — what can mean that quiddity?)
 But England's especial drawback
 Is a certain want of "Lucidity."

In "Morality" France most fails
 To exemplify rigidity;
 The defect that England ails
 Must be owned to be "Lucidity."
 The Salvation Army shines
 In devoted intrepidity;
 But the fault of its valiant lines
 Is the foible of no Lucidity.

The Puseyite phalanx glows
 With a most intense calidity;
 But the heat of the movement throws
 Not a gleam or spark of Lucidity.
 There is genius, love, charm, no doubt,
 In Ritualistic floridity,
 But what would have snuffed it out
 Would have been a ray of Lucidity.

Roast beef is excellent meat,
 Of most extreme sapidity;
 Plum-pudding is nice to eat,
 But it doesn't produce Lucidity.
 John Bull is a worthy old wight,
 Though he sometimes behaves with stupidity,
 Uninspired with Sweetness and Light,
 And, in short, nearly void of Lucidity.

Punch.

AN EPITAPH WITHOUT A NAME.

I HAD a Name. A wreath of woven air,
 A wreath of Letters blended, none knew why,
 Floated, a vocal phantom, here and there,
 For one brief season, like the dragon-fly,
 That flecks the noontide beam,
 Flickering o'er downward, forest-darkened
 stream.
 What word those Letters shaped I tell you
 not:
 Wherefore should such this maiden marble
 blot?
 Faint echo, last and least, of foolish Fame,
 I am a Soul; nor care to have a Name.
 The Month. AUBREY DE VERE.

From The Quarterly Review.

HENRY ERSKINE AND HIS TIMES.*

THE Erskines, Henry and Thomas, who made the name famous, will be admitted on all hands to have been an extraordinary pair of brothers, and those who knew them best would have been puzzled to declare which was the more richly gifted of the two. The younger, Thomas, was haply superior in eloquence: the elder, Henry, was certainly pre-eminent in learning and wit. In 1806, Thomas, the undisputed leader of the English bar, was elevated to the peerage and the wool-sack. About the same time, Henry, after filling a corresponding position at the Scotch bar, was made lord advocate, and attended a *levée* at St. James's where he was questioned as to his professional gains by George III. "Not so rich as Tom, eh? not so rich as Tom?" "Your Majesty," was the reply, "will please to remember that my brother has been playing at the guinea table and I at the shilling one." The reply would be equally apposite should it be asked, why is he less known to fame. He was restricted to a narrower field of action, to a more confined arena. Lofty and well-founded as were and are the pretensions of the northern Athens, the scene of his forensic and social triumphs, it was a provincial capital at best; and the fame it conferred, independently of durable works in literature or science, was local and transitory, speedily to become traditional. There is no collected edition or report of Henry Erskine's speeches, no authentic record of his sayings or doings, and the once vivid impressions of his contemporaries survive only in the memories of the succeeding generation, a generation that knew him not.

Under these circumstances the highest credit is due to Colonel Fergusson for the conception and execution of the work before us, in which he has not only placed

the celebrity of his hero on a solid basis, but has lighted up anew the times in which he flourished and supplied a variety of curious incidental traits of the Erskine family, their connections, and their race. Fortunately he had a large store of materials to draw upon, in the shape of notes left by the late Lord Buchan (Henry Erskine's son), who kept constantly in view the probability that a complete memoir of his father, to which he felt unequal, would some time or other be produced.

Lord Erskine was fond of alluding to his ancestors, and once, on a trial relating to a patent for a knee-buckle, he held it up to the jury, exclaiming, "How would my ancestors have admired this specimen of ingenuity!" Mingay, who was opposed to him, replied: "Gentlemen, you heard to-day of my learned friend's ancestors and of their probable astonishment at his knee-buckle. But, gentlemen, I can assure you that their astonishment would have been equally great at his breeches." The hit told, but in point of fact Erskine's ancestors, being Lowlanders, were not unacquainted with breeches. The name is derived from the barony of Erskine in Renfrewshire, where they were settled as far back as tradition or history can read. The earldom of Mar, the origin of which (according to Lord Hailes) is lost in the mists of antiquity, was one of their hereditary dignities, and the father of the subject of this biography was the tenth Earl of Buchan.

Referring to their intermarriages with royal or illustrious houses at home and abroad—with the Bourbons and Stewarts, the Viscontis, Della Scalas, Dorias, Lenoxes, Fairfaxes, and Stairs—a learned professor, quoted by Colonel Fergusson, remarks that "if there be any faith to be placed in the theory of the inheritance of mental qualities, especially through the female line, we should expect to see here, following this scheme of descent, true genius or great eccentricity—perhaps both." The professor's expectation or inference will be found in strict accordance with the facts, for whilst the two most distinguished brothers were giving ample proofs of genius, the eldest, the eleventh earl of Buchan, also a man

* *The Honorable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time. Compiled from Family Papers and other sources of information. By Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Fergusson, late of the Staff of Her Majesty's Indian Army. Edinburgh and London. 1882.*

of mark, was attracting his full share of public attention by eccentricity. He was expatiating to the Duchess of Gordon on the abilities of his family, when she cut him short with: "My lord, I have always heard that the wit came by the mother's side and was settled on the younger children." The tenth earl, the father, was a commonplace man, but the mother was a woman of powerful intellect which had been cultivated to a high degree of excellence. She had studied mathematics under Colin Maclaurin, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton. "To such accomplishments were added an elegant taste, with brilliant imagination, almost genius, and (above all) an eminent and earnest piety."

The three sons of this lady were born respectively: David Henry (Lord Cardross in his father's lifetime and afterwards Earl of Buchan) in 1742; Henry, November 1st, 1746; Thomas, January 10th, 1749. The fortunes of the family were by no means in a flourishing state, and the first virtue which this estimable lady was called on to practise was economy. But Lord Campbell (in his "Life of Lord Erskine") has clearly been guilty of exaggeration, with the view to contrast, when he represents the trio as born in an elevated flat at the head of Gray's Close in Edinburgh, and reared principally on oatmeal. Colonel Fergusson, indignantly repudiating the notion of degrading imppecuniosity, asserts that the house (still to be seen) was one of some pretension, although the family may not have occupied the whole of it, and asks whether it be necessary to assert that oatmeal porridge is no sign of poverty in Scotland? "Had the biographer forgotten, during his long residence in England, the many virtues of that food? What better combination, or more likely to breed up a dean of faculty, or lord advocate? There is deep wisdom, for those who can receive it, in the myth which tells how *Mimung*, the great Sword of the North, attained its unparalleled sharpness from being tempered with *milk and oatmeal*."

The three lads were brought up together, and we find them in early boyhood at the country house of Uphall, where "in a small room over the stables" they were

educated under a tutor named Buchanan. They were affectionately attached to each other, and continued so through life, notwithstanding an incident handed down on unimpeachable authority. On one occasion a violent squabble having occurred between Lord Cardross and the two younger ones, he called out, "When I am Earl of Buchan, I will turn you both out of this house." On which Thomas answered, "That you shall not, for I will kill you first," and threw a heavy slate at him. Luckily the slate missed its mark.

Some time in 1760 the family removed to St. Andrews, with a view to the more advanced education of the sons at the university. Here as in Edinburgh, as Colonel Fergusson takes care to state for the honor of the house, Lady Buchan became the centre of a pleasant and cultivated circle, whom she was able to entertain according to the frugal habits of the period and the locality, where hospitality was not expected to extend beyond a "dish of tea." But the homely character of the ordinary domestic fare may be inferred from what is related of the housekeeper who in setting a dainty dish upon the table was wont to call out, "Noo, boys, ye're no to tak' ony o' yon; I've just brought it up for lo'e o' my lord." A verse in the youthful effusions entitled "Thread-paper Rhymes" of the future lord chancellor, ran thus:—

Papa is going to London,
And what will we get then, oh!
But sautless kail, and an old cow's tail,
And half the leg of a hen, oh!

Lord Buchan (the father) had a theory that the mortification of the flesh was good for the mind, and that to be made to put up with the disagreeable was a salutary discipline for young people. The boys, like Lord Macaulay,* had a strong dislike to veal; so veal was ordered every day for their dinner for some weeks. As soon as he was old enough to attend the university courses, Henry joined the humanity and mathematical classes, and studied natural history under Professor Wilkie, the author of the once celebrated

* "I hate him [Mr. Croker] as I hate cold boiled veal." — Lord Macaulay.

and long-forgotten "Epigoniad," which David Hume found "full of sublimity and genius." One of the professor's many singularities was his absence of mind. Meeting a former pupil in the streets, he said: "I was sorry, my dear boy, to hear you have had the fever in your family; was it you, or your brother, who died of it?" "It was me, sir," was the reply. "Ah, dear me, I thought so! very sorry for it—very sorry for it." This matches Rogers's friend, Maltby, who, on Rogers telling him that he had just met a former acquaintance who exclaimed in joyful surprise, "Ah, Rogers, is that you?"—quietly asked, "And was it?"

The family migrated to Bath towards the end of 1763, and on the 10th of October in that year, Walpole writes to Chute: "There was (at the Rooms) a Scotch Countess of Buchan carrying a pure, rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was not the 'author of the Poets.' I believe she meant me and the 'Noble Authors.'" Henry was left at Edinburgh, whence he went to the University of Glasgow. Thomas was sent to sea as a midshipman, and his letters from abroad, written in his sixteenth year, are equally remarkable for the liveliness and correctness of the style. Lord Chatham had been the intimate friend and college companion (at Utrecht) of Lord Buchan (the father), and in October, 1766, he writes to Lord Shelburne to recommend Lord Cardross for the appointment of secretary to the Spanish embassy under Sir James Gray. The appointment was made and duly gazetted, when an unexpected difficulty arose. Lord Cardross refused to serve in a subordinate capacity to a minister of low birth and inferior rank: Sir James's father, if we may believe Walpole, having been first a box-keeper and then a footman to James II. A discussion (reported by Boswell) arose after dinner at Sir Alexander Macdonald's whether the young lord was justified in his refusal. Dr. Johnson said that "perhaps in point of interest he did wrong, but in point of dignity he did well." Sir Alexander insisted that he was wrong, and said that Mr. Pitt intended it as an advantageous thing for him. "Why, sir,"

said Johnson, "Lord Chatham might think it an advantageous thing for him to make him a vintner, and get him all the Portugal trade; but he would have demeaned himself strangely had he accepted of such a situation: sir, had he gone secretary, while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family!" This is one of the many instances in which Johnson was led astray by his reverence for rank and fondness for argument.

The old earl died at Bath in 1767, and a minute account of the funeral is given by Whitefield, his spiritual guide. It was as members of the Methodist congregation headed by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and to be in constant communion with that pious lady and her sect, that the Buchans had left Scotland for Bath. Henry had no serious call, and it was probably for that reason that, whilst at Glasgow University, he was allowed to spend his vacations at the house of the Erskines of Cardross. Here he was well cared for by the mistress of the establishment, a character in her way, who was proud of her charge, and in after years, when he became famous, delighted to recall traits of his boyhood. After expressing her admiration of his bright smile and happy temper, she would add: "But, dear-sakes! he was a desperate laddie for losing his pocket-hankies." Of his subsequent career at the University of Edinburgh we are only told that, amongst other subjects, he took up civil law, rhetoric, and moral philosophy under Professors Wallace, Hugh Blair, and Adam Ferguson. Whilst studying for the law, he was a sedulous attendant at the Forum Debating Society, and he wrote some pieces of poetry, one of which, "The Nettle and the Sensitive Plant," arrived at the dignity of print. He was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1768.

The rapid rise of the younger brother belongs to the romance of the English Bar, and (as related by himself) was a romance in more senses than one, for the story of the sixty retainers that were pressed upon him as he left the court after his speech for Captain Baillie, is

apocryphal on the face of it. It is also irreconcilable with another story, that the year following he hurried to his friend Reynolds with a banknote for 1,000*l.*, his fee for the defence of Admiral Keppel, and flourished it in the air, exclaiming, "Voilà the nonsuit of cow-beef!" Nothing of this kind is recorded of Henry Erskine, who rose steadily to the highest rank in the profession without the stimulant of poverty or any extraordinary occurrence of good luck. "I believe," writes his son, "when my father began his law career in Edinburgh, reluctantly — for he wished to go into the English Church — he was in great danger of leading a very idle life. He had inherited, as his share of his father's property, 200*l.* a year; his musical gifts were unusual — he was, indeed, 'no crowder on an untuned fiddle;' his manners in the highest degree polished and captivating; his good-nature and high spirits made him the most delightful of companions; and he was one of the handsomest men in Scotland." Edinburgh, he continues, was at that time full of attraction to a young man: most of the Scotch nobility spent the winter there, and Sydney Smith could not have said of the people then, as he said afterwards, that they were "a pack of cards without honors." If Sydney Smith could not resist a joke at the aspect of his Scotch friends, he was always ready to do justice to their sterling qualities. "When," he exclaims, "shall I see Scotland again? Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

If the humorous divine had known Edinburgh society when Henry Erskine first played a leading part in it, he would have found worse drawbacks to its agreeability than odious smells, barbarous sounds, or bad suppers. It was lamentably wanting in refinement: the best (or worst) of its conviviality was to be found in taverns; and the highest compliment to a fair lady, the most devoted act of gallantry, was to get drunk in toasting her.

The scene is the Canongate, by which Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun, and her seven lovely daughters, are returning from a ball in the Assembly Rooms in sedan chairs by the light of flaming torches, each attended by a cavalier with his hat in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. The procession over, and the farewell bows and courtesies formally exchanged, the gentlemen retire to the sup-

per-room, where one proposes a toast to the lady of his choice and empties his glass. Another names another lady and does the same. The first repeats the ceremony with another glass. The second responds to the challenge; and so they go on, as in a German drinking duel, till one drops senseless on the floor. Their example is followed by the rest of the party, who pair off for the purpose. This custom was called "saving the ladies," why, does not appear; although some of them were said to take pride in the prowess of their champions, as if warmth of heart was proved by hardness of head. One of the earliest of Henry Erskine's essays in rhyme is a copy of verses, printed in the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* of May, 1771, on the St. Cecilia Catch Club, by whom the practice was carried to excess. The manuscript copy in the Advocates' Library is headed in his handwriting: "Wrote on purpose to be spoken at the end of the play bespoke by that Club in the character of a lady who had just received her ticket from the gentleman who sav'd her. In this elegant Society every lady is *saved* to whose health a certain quantity of hot punch is drunk. Such as have no such feat performed for their sake are damn'd. Wrote at Edinr. 1770." After alluding to the old-fashioned practice of wooing, he continues: —

But this wise age, by luxury refin'd,
Has left these little wily arts behind;
Flushed with the juice of Gallia's rosy bunch,
They court the fair in "constables" of Punch.
The dauntless youth, secure in stomach wide,
With eager transport swills the smoking tide;
For on this noble, great, heroic draught,
His fair one's fame must sink, or rise aloft.

The Assembly Rooms, the Almack's of Scotland, are thus described: —

The dancing-room [in the old Assembly Close] is neither elegant nor commodious. The door is so disposed, that a stream of air rushes through it into the room, and as the footmen are allowed to stand with their flambeaux in the entry, before the entertainment is half over, the room is filled with smোক, almost to suffocation. There are two tea or card rooms, but no supper-room. When balls are given in the assembly room, and after them supper, nothing can be more awkward or incommodious to the company than the want of distinct apartments for supper and dancing. At present, upon these occasions, the table is covered in the dancing-room before the company meets. Additional tables are set out, where room is made for them by the dancing being over. Chairs are to be brought in, and

waiters are pouring in with dishes, while the company are standing all the while in the floor.

To engage a lady to dance was called "lifting" her, which was a serious matter at a time when the engagement was for the whole evening, there being no change of partners; and it is told in proof of Henry Erskine's kindness of heart that he was wont to come to the rescue of any neglected maiden, with the tickets without which a couple could not take their places in a set, and the oranges equally prescribed by custom for the refreshment of his partner after the dance.

Mr. Erskine, who shone among the dancers—a circumstance that was afterwards "cast up to him"—used to relate several little anecdotes regarding this etiquette of oranges. One country youth, he remembered, who was more at home with the compounding of certain festive beverages at midnight than with the routine of the ball-room, yet wishing to do by his partner everything that was right, thus addressed the young lady at the close of a dance: "Miss, wud ye tak' a *leemon*?" It frequently happened that a young lady suddenly called upon to dance would hand over to another, whose fate it was to "sit out," the refreshment upon which she had been engaged, with a caution against an undue consumption of the fruit.

In the fourth year (1772) after he was admitted an advocate, he was married to Christian Fullerton, of an old and honorable family, heiress presumptive through her mother to the property of Newhall, in Fife. His suit was pressed in verse and prose, and, judging from the quantity of rhyme expended in it, must have been unusually long and sufficiently beset with obstacles to illustrate the Shakspearian adage that the course of true love never did run smooth. Forty pages of the MS. volume containing his poetical pieces, are filled with love elegies, written in 1770, addressed to Amanda: in the first of which he complains that the narrowness of his fortune obliges him to conceal his passion. Then come "To Amanda in Sickness," "On leaving Amanda in the Spring," and so on. They are somewhat wanting in ease, grace, and fancy; deficiencies for which Colonel Fergusson accounts by their earnestness and truth; and there is certainly high authority for declaring that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.* According to their son, "she was exceedingly clever; her

intuitive sagacity in seeing into people's characters hardly ever failed." She proved an excellent although what is called a notable wife. Not content with having the entire management of the domestic arrangements, she would occasionally trouble him with questions concerning them when the enquiry was, to say the least of it, inopportune; as when she roused him from a fit of meditation or much-needed nap with, "Harry, lovey, where's your white waistcoat?"

The newly married couple set up house (if it could be called house) in one of the lofty tenements in the neighborhood of the High Court; and here, "in the very centre of the fashionable world," they dispensed hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives. At this period almost the only special invitation was to take a dish of tea at four o'clock—the dinner hour being three. Etiquette required that the tea should be tasted with the teaspoon, and that the hostess should ask if it was "agreeable." The teaspoons were numbered to ensure each guest getting his or her own at the second cup. This species of reception, remarks Colonel Fergusson, is said to have been as popular with gentlemen as with the ladies. This is hardly reconcilable with the convivial habits of the period, when the festive meal was the supper, and the chosen scene of rollicking enjoyment the tavern. The picture (in "Guy Mannering") of Counsellor Pleydell at High Jinks was notoriously drawn from the life. The ministers and elders of the Church were as prone to strong potations as the lawyers and the lairds. The most important ecclesiastical affairs were discussed at supper, and Dr. Alexander Carlyle distinctly lays down that, till long after the middle of the century, no clergyman could hope for success unless his head was hard enough to bear him scatheless through the "convivialities" of society.*

It was highly to Henry Erskine's credit, therefore, that he never indulged in any description of excess, and if occasionally he passed an evening with the famous toppers and humorists of the period, or became a member of their clubs, he was acting on the same principle as Pepys, who, by way of apology for keeping company with Killigrew and the like, sets down in his diary: "Loose company, but worth a man's being in for once—to know the nature of it, and the manner of

* "The Congratulation," addressed by Waller to Charles II. on the Restoration, was inferior in poetical merit to his "Panegyric" on Cromwell. When the king told the poet of the inferiority, he replied: "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

* "Autobiography." He was called "Jupiter" Carlyle from his resemblance to the Jupiter Tonans in the Pantheon.

their talk and lives." Thus Erskine lived on intimate terms, without catching the infection, with his kinsman the Earl of Kellie, who was as famous for loose living as for his musical talents and his songs. The earl was giving an amusing account of a sermon which he heard in a church in Italy, where the priest was expatiating on the miracle of St. Anthony's preaching with such unction during a sea voyage that the fishes held their heads out of the water to listen to him. "I can well believe the miracle," remarked Erskine, "when your Lordship was at church, there was at least one fish out of water." In a picture of the alleged miracle, the listening lobsters were painted red, as if ready boiled for the occasion. When this was objected to the painter, he replied that it simply made the miracle the greater.

One of Lord Stowell's recollections of Dr. Johnson's visit to Edinburgh in 1773 was that the doctor was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity, with the exception of Mr. Crosbie (an eminent advocate), whom he characterizes as an intrepid talker and the only man who was disposed to stand up to the lexicographer.* Colonel Fergusson, whose national pride seems to have been sorely wounded by Johnson's habitual sarcasms on the Scotch, says that "the description of his treatment of the hospitable and long-suffering people of Edinburgh is enough to make one's blood boil." Was it from fear or indignation that Erskine held aloof from the illustrious visitor, to whom he was presented by Boswell at an accidental meeting in the Parliament Close? After an interchange of bows, Erskine merely said, "Your servant, sir," and passed on; pausing a moment to slip a shilling into Boswell's hand for (in an *aside*) the sight of his bear. Boswell expresses the warmest gratitude to his wife for her reception of his redoubtable friend, and says that his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance. Colonel Fergusson states that she was one of the most exasperated of the good citizens of Edinburgh, and said that she had often heard of a man leading about a bear, but never before of the man being led by the nose by the animal. Be this as it may, he was publicly kissed by the beautiful Countess of Eglintoun.

Speaking of 1752, Dr. Alexander Carlyle states that it was about this period

that the General Assembly of the Church became a theatre for young lawyers, elected as elders, to display their eloquence, and he mentions several who afterwards rose to eminence as having first attracted attention on this singularly chosen arena. Far from being exclusively clerical, the subjects were frequently of a nature to afford an almost unlimited scope to oratory; as, for example, when Home's "Douglas" raised the question whether it was befitting a minister to compose and publish a stage play, or even to be present at the representation of one. The Assembly, after much animated debate, passed a resolution forbidding the clergy to countenance the theatre; but little or no attempt was made to enforce it, and in the year 1784, when Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in Edinburgh during the sitting of the Assembly, no important business could be fixed for the evenings on which she acted, when (as we learn from Dr. Carlyle) all the younger members, clergy and laity, took their stations in the theatre by three in the afternoon.

Conspicuous amongst these was Henry Erskine, who had been elected an elder about the same time when he was admitted to the advocacy, and had taken all along an active share in their debates; finding them an excellent school for public speaking as well as an agreeable relaxation. Speaking of a leading elder to whom he was frequently opposed, he was wont to say that "running down Hill" was easy and pleasant work. He belonged to the section called the "High-flyers," the prevalent accusation against whom was fanaticism. A popular caricature, entitled "The Modern Hercules Destroying the Hydra Fanaticism," represents Dr. Carlyle brandishing a club over the monster, whose heads include portraits of Dr. Dalzell of the Edinburgh University, Dr. John Erskine of the Greyfriars Church, Henry Erskine with finger upraised in a warning attitude, and one or two other leaders of that school. They retorted on the adverse section of the "Moderates" by the charge of scepticism or indifference, and by alleging that their toleration was only for their own side. "When the powers of darkness roasted this Moderation, they let the spit stand still: one side was burnt to a coal, and the other was blood raw." The strength of the rival parties was brought to a test when Erskine became a candidate for the vacant post of procurator to the Church, and was beaten by a narrow majority; the successful candidate being

* Croker's Boswell. Royal oct. edition, p. 270.

William Robertson (the eldest son of the historian), who took the title of Lord Robertson on his promotion to the bench.

That Erskine's eventual success at the bar was in some measure owing to the distinction he acquired in the Assembly may be inferred from the fact that the earliest of his causes of which there is any record was a clerical one, the case of the Rev. James Lawson, who had been kept out of the ministry for six years by the Presbytery of Auchterarder on grounds which, according to a dissenting minority of the elders, would have equally justified the rejection of John the Baptist. The case came before the General Assembly in 1778 by petition, complaining of the rejection of a discourse he had delivered as part of his trials. Erskine appeared as counsel for the petitioner, "and after everything that human tongue could say had been urged in his favor and against him, the Assembly agreed to read the discourse to which exception had been taken, but this proposal was promptly checked by Erskine withdrawing the appeal." No reason is given or suggested for this proceeding, and the inevitable conclusion is that he dreaded the effect the formal perusal of the discourse might have upon the interests of his client, who persevered notwithstanding in a succession of abortive efforts to become a licensed preacher till his name had grown into a byword.

Although this is the first of Erskine's recorded cases, he must already have acquired distinction at the bar. His qualities were precisely of the character that struck at once. He only required to be seen, heard, and known, to be appreciated. Lord Cockburn speaks of "his tall and rather slender figure, a face sparkling with vivacity, a clear, sweet voice, and a general appearance of elegance, which gave him a striking and pleasing appearance." Lord Jeffrey says that "he was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse, easy and intelligible. All his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning." Here again Lord Cockburn agrees: "His playfulness was always an argumentative instrument. He reasoned in wit; and, untempted by

the bad taste, and the weakness of desiring to prolong it for his own sake, it ceased the very instant that the reasoning was served."

"Nevertheless," adds this fine observer and practised speaker, "notwithstanding the fascination it threw around him, he had better have been without the power. It established obstructing associations of cheerfulness whenever he appeared, in the public mind." By "obstructive associations of cheerfulness" must be meant the tendency to laugh, the expectation of being amused, which is inevitably if unintentionally provoked by a known wit, a practised joker, even when he wishes to be serious; and when the envied possessor of the power had "better be without it," is when he is addressing grave people who cannot disassociate vivacity and fancy from shallowness, and mistake dulness for depth.

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw
Who deemed each other oracles of law;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

According to Colonel Fergusson, the Scotch bar, when Erskine began to take a lead in it, savored not a little of the union of Donald Cargill or George Whitefield. "Further, the language of the courts at this time was little better than an imperfect dialect of English, with neither the strength and precision of the southern tongue, nor the quaint, graphic power of the Scotch when spoken in its purity. It was the custom, also, at this time, for counsel to address the judges according to certain obsolete forms, and in a whining tone, the exact cadence of which was prescribed; and to have abated from which would have been an unpardonable liberty in the eyes of the lords of Council and Session." We find it difficult to reconcile this with what we know of the contemporaneous eloquence of the General Assembly, where many of the performers were the same, and indications are not wanting that prior to the period in question the Scotch judges were occasionally startled out of their sobriety by rhetorical displays of an aspiring or even melodramatic order. It would be difficult to imagine a more exciting scene in a court of justice than that which (in or about 1750) led to Wedderburn's (Lord Loughborough's) abandonment of the Scotch for the English bar.

Shortly after commencing practice at the Scotch bar, he happened to be opposed to Mr. Lockhart, at that time a

leading counsel. In replying to an impassioned appeal of this powerful opponent, he summed up an ironical picture of Mr. Lockhart's eloquence in these sarcastic terms: "Nay, my lords, if tears could have moved your lordships, tears, sure I am, would not have been wanting." The lord president immediately interrupted the young counsel, and told him he was pursuing a very indecorous course of observation. Wedderburn maintained with spirit that he had said nothing he was not well entitled to say, and would have no hesitation in saying again. The lord president, irritated at so bold an answer from a junior, rejoined in a manner, the personality of which provoked the advocate to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge what he dared not justify as a gentleman. The president invoked the protection of his brother judges, and Wedderburn was ordered by the unanimous voice of the court to make a most abject apology, on pain of deprivation. He refused, and threw off his gown.*

It was not long, we are told, before even the law lords, who were most antiquated in their ideas, began to acknowledge the superiority of the new style, introduced by Erskine, to the dry and somniferous prosing of the old. Having to address "the fifteen" in a case which presented no difficulty, he began: "My lords, the facts of the case are so exceedingly simple, and the evidence that I shall adduce so perfectly conclusive, that I am happy to say I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time. I shall be very brief." This exordium did not at all fall in with the expectations or wishes of their lordships, who either had more time on their hands than they knew what to do with, or had settled themselves down for an intellectual treat, and the general sentiment was expressed by one of them who called out: "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief, dinna be brief."

"His wit," says Lord Brougham, "was renowned and, as it made him the life of society, placed him as the first favorite of the courts; but it was also used in excess, partly owing to the audience whom he addressed, the fifteen judges, who required to be relieved in their dull work, and as soon as he began, expected to be made gay." They gladly caught up and threw back the ball which he flung to them. Opening the case of a venerable spinster with a name provocative of a

pun, he began: "Maclean and Donald, the defendants; Tickle, the plaintiff, my lord!" "Tickle her yourself, Harry, you can do it as well as I," was the retort of the presiding judge. Like his brother, he was extremely popular with the juniors of the bar, and never failed to throw his broad shield over them when, with or without reason, they had fallen under the displeasure of the bench. A young counsel, who was with him in an important cause, had ventured to say that he was *surprised* to hear what had just fallen from their lordships. This called forth a sharp reproof, to the confusion of the junior and the probable prejudice of the client, when Erskine gallantly came to the rescue by expressing the fullest concurrence in the contrition felt by his young friend at an imprudence which was entirely owing to inexperience, "for when he has practised as long, or half as long, at this bar as I have, I can safely assure your lordships that he will be *surprised* at nothing your lordships may say." With some of their lordships it must have been no easy matter to be grave. In a case where Erskine, David Cathcart (afterwards Lord Alloway), and John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), were engaged, the judge, Lord Polkemet, thus addressed the advocates:—

Weel, Maister Askie, I hae heard you, an' I thoct ye were richt; syne I heard you, Dauvid, an' I thoct ye were richt; and noo I hae heard Maister Clerk, an' I think he's the richest amang ye. That bauthers me, ye see! Sae I maun e'en tak hame the process and whamble't i' my wame a wee, ower my toddy—and syne ye'se hae an *Interlocutor*.

A similar story is told of an English baron of the Exchequer who complained of the difficulty of deciding after hearing both sides, and begged the counsel to come to an understanding amongst themselves. Lord Braxfield freely indulged on the bench the coarse humor for which he was famous in private life. A sample of the kind of colloquy that took place amongst their lordships is given in "Redgauntlet":—

"What's the matter with the auld bitch next?" said an acute metaphysical judge (Lord Kames) aside to his brethren. "This is a daft cause, Bladderskate. What say ye till't, ye bitch?" "Nothing, my Lord," answered Bladderskate. "I say nothing, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits." "Amen, amen," answered his learned brother, "for some of us have but few to spare."

Having to be examined as a witness in

* The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges. By W. C. Townsend, Esq., M.A. London. 1846. In two volumes. Vol. i., p. 167.

a consistorial court before Mr. Commissary Balfour, a pompous, absurd person, Erskine so framed his answers as to turn the whole proceedings into ridicule:—

It was only when everybody in Court was shaking with laughter that a suspicion of the truth dawned upon the judge; when he, in vain, tried to restore order. With even super-added dignity of utterance he, at last, was driven to pronounce the words: "At this shameful point in the proceedings of this Court, it grieves me to have to say that the intimacy of the friend must yield to the severity of the judge. Macer,—forthwith conduct Mr. Erskine to the Tolbooth!" To the increased amusement of the audience, the only notice of this awful mandate that the macer deigned to take was to reply, with ill-concealed disgust,—*"Hoots! Mr. Ba'tour!"*

Meeting Balfour, who was suffering from lameness, he asked what had happened, and was informed in labored and tortuous phraseology that Balfour had fallen in getting over a stile on his brother's property. "Well, Balfour, it was a mercy it was not your own stile (style) or you would certainly have broken your neck."

The Scotch bench and bar were then principally filled and recruited from the landed aristocracy, and did their best to be as exclusive in their way as the old French nobility. Thus an influential section of them opposed a steady resistance to the claim of a gentleman named Wright to be admitted of the faculty on the ground of low birth, and it was only through the strenuous exertions of Erskine that the opposition was overcome. His *protégé* got little or no practice, and died in embarrassed circumstances. His death was announced to Erskine by Sheriff Anstruther, who added: "They say he has left no *effects*." "That is not surprising," was the rejoinder, "as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*." This is not the only instance in which what was a good joke at the time, and has since become a hackneyed one with many reputed fathers, has been traced to Henry Erskine. The punning inscription *Tu Doces* on a tea-chest has been claimed for him. At a circuit dinner to the bar, Lord Kames had directed that port wine only should be placed upon the table, and turned a deaf ear to the many audible hints for claret. At length when hard pressed, in the hope of producing a diversion, he turned to Erskine and asked: "What can have become of the Dutch, who only the other day were drubbed off the Doggerbank by Admiral Parker?"

"I suppose, my lord," was the reply, "they are like ourselves, *confined to port*."

The dearth of claret at a judicial table seems to have been a standing grievance, although "Jupiter" Carlyle states that he remembered claret, fresh from the cask, being hawked round Edinburgh at eight-pence a quart. Erskine was dining with Lord Armadale when, being confined to port, he addressed the host in parody of an old song:—

Kind sir, it's for your courtesie,
When I come here to dine, sir,
For the love you bear to me,
Give me the claret wine, sir.

To which Mrs. Honeyman, the hostess, retorted readily:—

Drink the port, the claret's dear,
Erskine, Erskine;
Ye'll get fou on't, never fear,
My Jo, Erskine.

Henry Erskine warmly co-operated with his brother, Lord Buchan, in the foundation of the Scotch Society of Antiquaries, and his name heads the list of ordinary members, dating from the first formal meeting on Nov. 14, 1782. His subsequent attendance was irregular, and he was accused of not having made a donation to the society, upon which he wrote to the secretary, regretting that he had been unable to attend their meetings for some time past, at the same time stating that he enclosed "a donation which, if you keep it long enough, will be the greatest curiosity you have." This was a guinea of George III.

Amongst the most remarkable members of this society was Hugo Arnot of Balcormo, advocate, author of the "History of Edinburgh." It was to him, on his assuming the title of fellow, that Lord Buchan happily applied Pope's couplet:

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Arnot was a lantern-faced, lean and attenuated figure of a man, of avowedly sceptical opinions. The white horse he ordinarily bestrode was as lanky and sepulchral-looking as the rider. Returning from a Sunday-afternoon ride, he met Erskine coming from divine service, and called out to him, "Where have you been, Harry? What has a man of your sense to do consorting with a parcel of old women? I protest you could expect to hear nothing new;" adding, with an extra sneer, "What, now, was your text?" "Our text," replied Harry, with a voice of

impressive solemnity, his eye sternly fixed, the while, on the white horse and his rider, — "was from the 6th chapter of the Book of Revelation and the 8th verse: 'And I looked, and behold a *Pale Horse*: and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and *Hell* followed with him.'"

On another occasion, when Arnot, taken to task for his irregularities, was contending that a liberal allowance would be made by a gracious Deity for the errors and temptations of the flesh, Erskine replied by an impromptu verse: —

The Scriptures assure us that much is forgiven
To flesh and to blood by the mercy of heaven;
But I've searched all the books, and texts I
find none
That extend such forgiveness to *Skin* and to
Bone.

With this may be coupled his better-known epigram on Moore's translation of Anacreon: —

Oh, mourn not for Anacreon dead —
Oh, weep not for Anacreon fled —
The lyre still breathes he touched before,
For we have one Anacreon *Moore*.

His own translation, or imitation, of the 33rd Ode of Anacreon is not unworthy to be placed alongside of Moore's, and his translations from Horace are marked by grace and vivacity; but the production which won him a place amongst poets, and attained at one time an extraordinary amount of popularity, was "The Emigrant: an Eclogue. Occasioned by the late numerous Emigrations from the Highlands of Scotland. Written in 1773." After going through several editions, it was published, in 1793, as a "chap-book," and sold by pedlars or chapmen as a part of their penny libraries. The verses are smooth and flowing, and that a sympathetic public was found for them in the pastoral districts of Scotland is intelligible enough, but they want the genuine poetic ring, and, so far as the higher class of readers are concerned, they lie under the very serious disadvantage of provoking a comparison with "The Deserted Village" of Goldsmith.

On the formation of the Coalition ministry, Erskine was appointed lord advocate in the place of Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, his lifelong rival and competitor for place. The appointment was announced to him in a letter dated August 15, 1783, by the Duke of Portland, the prime minister, and in a congratulatory letter of the 19th, Adam writes: —

I expect soon to see the time when *two Erskines*, in two different climates practising, are to be at the head of the profession in the different countries, where, unlike Castor and Pollux of old, the one will not be in the shades below when the other is in heaven, but both at once lords of the ascendant in their respective hemispheres. In order that that object may be attained with as little delay as possible, I wish you with all convenient speed to be among us in the House of Commons; and if any means occur by which I can tend to forward that object, you have only to desire me to be upon the watch.

He did not succeed in obtaining a seat till many years afterwards, and he remained in Edinburgh as manager for the Whig party during the whole of the struggle which ended in the complete triumph of Pitt. In addition to the office of lord advocate, he was appointed advocate and state counsellor to the Prince of Wales on his Royal Highness's establishment as great steward of Scotland. His confidential communications with the Coalition were carried on through Sir Thomas Dundas, whose letters abound with proofs of the delusion under which the contest was begun, and continued on their part, until the general election placed the state of public opinion beyond a doubt. On December 18, 1783, Sir Thomas writes: —

Parliament will be dissolved on Saturday: it therefore becomes necessary that every well-wisher to the wellbeing and salvation of this Constitution should exert himself to the utmost in forming the new Parliament properly.

Report says Pitt is First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Temple Secretary of State, etc., etc.

I think these new Ministers are so little known in our country, that those who are known, although not Ministers, may still have some weight.

Fox was with the King after Lord Temple and his friends came out, and H. M. said nothing to him out of the common road of business, which is rather extraordinary. However, there is little doubt of a dissolution.

From the nicest calculations of those who know all the connections of this country, it is said with confidence that the new Administration will at the utmost gain twenty-four votes from amongst our friends, whatever they may lose in the jumble from their own, which will secure to us a large majority in the new Parliament.

When the dissolution took place, no less than one hundred and fifty-eight supporters of the Coalition lost their seats.

On the 22nd of December, 1783, he writes to say that Lord Temple had resigned, and encloses the copy of an address to the king, moved by Thomas

(Lord) Erskine and seconded by Colonel Fitzpatrick:—

It needs no comment. In short, the disappointment, distraction, confusion, and (I had almost said) shame of these our opponents, are not to be described. The address is to be carried to the King by the whole House, and will probably be received on Wednesday.

There is an end of all illusions respecting a dissolution.

His Majesty's present Administration consists of Mr. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl Gower, President of the Council—no other person having as yet accepted, or *now* being likely to accept, of any office.

In short the game is up with them.

Fox says he hopes that you and Wight have not wrote to resign your offices, and desires you may not think of doing so.

For God's sake publish the address in every paper, and also the account of the proceedings of the present glorious and unparalleled Ministry, that it may be proclaimed to the remotest corner of the country. I wish you may be able to make sense of this confused letter, for I am so hurried, and twenty people talking to me, that I hardly know what I am writing.

Again, a week further on, in confident anticipation of an assured victory:—

LONDON, 1st January, 1784.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I am delighted to find by yours of the 26th December that my letters of the 22nd, with the copy of the address, had a good effect. Believe me, the game is up with this still-born Administration. They begin to look upon it as all over themselves; and the K— has lately used expressions which are not very promising in their favor,—such as, "He had no wish to turn out the late Ministry;" and, "These gentlemen have taken the Government upon themselves—they have themselves to blame if they cannot carry it on." All this looks very much like preparing for a change. . . . Keep up your spirits, and do not let them crow too much on their supposed victory.

*Immediately before the decisive division in the Lords, when the India Bill was rejected in compliance with the king's wishes conveyed through Lord Temple, Adam is reported to have said: "I wish I was as sure of the kingdom of heaven as I am of carrying our bill this evening."

Next to the intemperance of Burke, nothing did the Coalition more harm with the country than a rash expression of their attorney general "Jack Lee," when, making light of the chartered rights of the East India Company, he asked, "What is a charter but a piece of parchment with a lump of wax dangling to it?" Sheridan was guilty of more than one

escapade of the same sort, and, according to Sir Thomas Dundas, he (Sheridan) "has had a compleat trimming both from the D. of P. and Fox, and promises to be more cautious in future; that hobby-horse of his called *Wit* frequently runs away with him." He forgot that he was writing to the most incorrigible wit in Scotland.

On the 9th of February, Sir Thomas writes: "The present glorious ministers begin to droop most piteously; their famous address from the House of Peers is turned into such ridicule that they cannot bear it." A month later, March 9, there is a perceptible change of tone: "You will probably be much surprised when you hear that we carried the question of a representation to the king last night only by one vote."

Not the least remarkable part of this correspondence is that relating to the "Irish Resolutions," the object of which was to mitigate the glaring injustice by which Irish commerce and manufactures had been restricted or suppressed. Lord North declared that "they outdid everything that the wildest imagination could suggest;" and Pitt's willingness to make equitable concessions, which, with Ireland in arms and Grattan proclaiming her independence, could be withheld no longer, was represented by the Foxites through the whole length and breadth of England and Scotland as a base surrender of British interests and rights. On the 18th of February, 1785, Sir Thomas Dundas writes: "This is a moment of the most anxious expectation that perhaps ever occurred in this country;" and Erskine is exhorted to strain every nerve to procure petitions from all the principal Scottish towns, by assuring them that Irish competition would be their ruin if it was set free. How zealously and effectively he carried out the wishes of his party and his political chiefs, may be collected from the letters of acknowledgment addressed to him, *c. g.*:—

LONDON, Saturday, 7 May, 1785,
4 P.M.

MY DEAR SIR,—The very extraordinary exertions you have made in opposition to Mr. Pitt's intended transfer of the commerce of this kingdom and complete ruin of the landed interest, insure me the most favorable construction of the sentiments which such services must have occasioned in my mind, and therefore I shall not detain you with a repetition of my thanks.

PORTLAND.

The Scotch Pittites never lost heart, and Henry Dundas instinctively divined

the long lease of power that was in store for them. On Erskine's playfully remarking, during a casual meeting in the Parliament House just after his appointment, that he was about to order his silk gown, the official costume of the lord advocate, Dundas drily observed: "It is hardly worth while for the time you will want it: you had better borrow mine." The biographer's version of the reply differs disadvantageously from the current one: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to fit *any party*; but however short my time in my office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor." A gown cannot be made to fit a "party" except in the sense of "person," a vulgar use of the term of recent date; and the repartee is best in the more concise form: "Thank you, but it never shall be said," etc.

When the Coalition ministry came to an end, Erskine was succeeded by Mr. Hlay Campbell, a shorter man than himself, and on offering to hand on the gown, he said, "You must take nothing off it, for I'll (*sic*) soon need it again." "It will be *bare* enough, Harry," retorted Campbell, "before you get it again." He did not get it again till after the lapse of twenty-one years.

Towards the end of 1785, Erskine was consoled for the loss of his official rank by being elected dean of the Faculty of Advocates. "The deanship," remarks Lord Cockburn, "is merely a station of honor, but when not lowered by the interference of political, or other improper, considerations, it is the highest honor of the kind that can be conferred in Scotland. Each election is only for a single year; but he who once succeeds is almost never dispossessed, so that it is the presidency for life, or during the holder's pleasure, of the most important public body in the country." The contest was warm. Sir Thomas Dundas writes, Dec. 30, 1785:—

MY DEAR DEAN OF FACULTY, — . . . I rejoice and am exceeding glad at your victory—and a great victory it appears to me to be, because your opponents certainly stirr'd heaven and earth, with all the hellish powers of administration, to defeat you and the cause of freedom at the Scots Bar. You have now, thank God, got the command over our enemies, and I know you will make a good use of it.

It is one almost inevitable disadvantage of having a soldier for the biographer

of a lawyer, that professional subjects are thrown into the background, and we hear more of the accomplished man of the world and leader of society than of the learned jurist or forensic orator. Thus we are told of Erskine's patronizing Lunardi, the Italian aeronaut, who became the rage in Edinburgh and is immortalized by Burns; and we learn how the second visit of Mrs. Siddons to the northern Athens, in 1785, gave rise to a theatrical altercation in which the dean of faculty was mixed up. He must have been stage-struck or Siddons-struck, for, not content with heading a cabal against an actor whom the playgoing public had proscribed, he set on foot and exerted all his influence to promote a subscription of the faculty to present "the admirable Mrs. Siddons" with a massive silver teatray, "in token of their appreciation of her many virtues as much as in gratitude for the pleasure she had afforded them." Nor does his connection with the stage end here. In 1791 Stephen Kemble and Jackson entered into an agreement to rent the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatre. They fell out, and referred the matter in dispute to Erskine, who after due deliberation issued what is called a decret-arbitral, which pleased neither party, and especially displeased Jackson, who picks it to pieces, paragraph by paragraph, in his "History of the Scottish Theatre." During one of the disturbances at the theatre caused by the cabal, a man in the pit persevered in retaining a standing position in defiance of a clamorous call to him to sit down. Erskine came to the front of his box and appealed to the indulgence of the audience: "Pray excuse the gentleman: don't you see it is only a tailor resting himself." The man sank into his seat, and would gladly have sunk under it.

The tragic muse was not the only one of the sisterhood which enjoyed the protection of the dean. Burns writes to his friend Gavin Hamilton: "December 7, 1786,—My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Henry Erskine, have taken me under their wing, and in all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world." Again, December 13: "I have been introduced to a good number of the *noblesse*, but my avowed patrons and patronesses are the Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Glencairn, with my Lord and Lady Betty, the Dean of Faculty, and Sir John Whitefoord." It was Erskine whom Burns had to thank for his introduction to

Lord Monboddo, who gave suppers after the manner of the ancients, with the table strewn with flowers and the flasks garded with roses. It was the same kind patron whom the poet consulted as to the prudence or policy of including in an edition of his works the fragment of a "Ballad on the American War;" and there is extant a letter obviously addressed to him, beginning: "There are two things which, I believe, the blow that terminates my existence alone can destroy, — my attachment and propensity to poesy, and my sense of what I owe to your goodness."

Burns was accidentally present when Erskine and the then lord advocate (Ilay Campbell) were opposed to each other in an important cause, and he immediately pencilled down his impressions in two stanzas, headed "Extempore in the Court of Session." The lord advocate comes first: —

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it;
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He faud it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short
He eked it out wi' law, man.

.....
Collected, Harry stood a wee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His Lordship sat wi' rufu' c'e
And eyed the gathering storm, man.
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents ower a lin', man;
The *Bench* sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

This was very far from Erskine's ordinary style and manner, which were remarkable for grace and polish.

One morning in the summer of 1788 the good citizens of Edinburgh were startled by the announcement that Deacon Brodie, a member of the Town Council, had been apprehended on a charge of burglary, for having (with others) broken into the Excise Office and carried off whatever fell within their reach; which, however, turned out not to exceed 14*l.* in value. The deacon, a cabinet-maker by trade, was the son and grandson of burghesses of good repute, and his hereditary claims to respectability, combined with his social qualities, had enabled him to laugh off, as invented pleasantries, some stories which sound as if the famous pickpocket, Barrington, had been the hero of them. How, for example, as Colonel Fergusson relates, an invalid lady, unable to go to church

one Sunday, was surprised by the entry into her room of a man with a crape over his face, who quietly took her keys from their accustomed place, opened a bureau, took out a considerable sum of money, and, having replaced the keys on the lady's table, retired "with a low bow." The lady, speechless till her visitor had withdrawn, in amazement exclaimed, "Surely that was Deacon Brodie!" Subsequent events showed that she was probably right in the surmise.

A friend of the councillor at supper mentioned to him casually that he was going to the country for a few days on a certain day. Something occurred to detain him in town. In the dead of the night he was disturbed by a creaking in the floor. A light glanced across the wall of his bedroom. Through a window which looked into another room he observed his friend the deacon, in a mask, calmly at work by the help of a dark lantern, making a selection from amongst his valuables. It has been noted, remarks Colonel Fergusson, as characteristic of the town's manners, that this little episode should have been quietly tided over, apparently, with little or no unpleasant remark.

Up to the hour of his detection Brodie was frequently employed in the way of his trade by the Erskines, and their son (Lord Buchan) mentions in proof of his mother's insight into character that she had an instinctive distrust of the deacon, and never could endure his presence with complacency. The trial took place at the High Court of Justiciary on August 29, 1788. Brodie had retained Erskine, remarking that "however the matter might go, he had pitted the best cock what ever fought." The lord advocate led for the prosecution. The only plausible plea was an alibi, and when this broke down, Erskine's case was hopeless, for the facts of the robbery were clearly proved, and the line of defence to which he was driven was irreconcilable with the now notorious antecedents of the prisoner. According to the printed report, the dean of faculty rose at three in the morning to address the jury: —

He observed, that the situation of his unfortunate client presented to the world a most astonishing moral phenomenon! That a man descended from an ancient and respectable family, who, from the state of his affairs, made up by himself, was in opulent circumstances, and infinitely removed from indigence and temptation; who for a long series of years had maintained an irreproachable character in so-

ciety, and had often filled offices of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens, the duties of which he had discharged with attention and fidelity; that such a person should even be suspected of the crime charged in the indictment was a most extraordinary fact. If it was true, he allowed that he was of all men the most culpable. But who could give credit to such a charge as was here exhibited? for as an eminent poet of our own country, who was still alive, had expressed himself:—

The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited all the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them.

It being therefore highly incredible that Mr. Brodie would have all at once departed from his integrity, and dashed into such guilty and atrocious crimes as now were charged against him, it would require a very strong and unsuspicious proof indeed to fix the guilt upon him; and if parts of Mr. Brodie's conduct which appeared to infer suspicions against him could be ascribed to any other cause, the gentlemen of the jury would lay these appearances altogether out of their view in judging of the import of the evidence.

The jury were unanimous in the verdict of guilty, and Brodie was sentenced to be hanged on the 1st of October following. Creech, the publisher of the trial, who was on the jury, states that he applied for a report or notes of the speech, but was informed that it was extempore; that there had not been a syllable in writing, and that the dean was too much immersed in business to attempt setting down anything from memory.

The nomination to the clerkship of the General Assembly, which lay with the members, becoming vacant in 1789, was contested with as much eagerness as if everything valuable in Church and State was involved in the issue, although the salary was only 84*l.* a year. "Jupiter" Carlyle was the candidate of the Moderates; Dr. Dalzell, professor of Greek in the university, of the Highflyers. Erskine was manager and leader for the one party; his old and constant antagonist, Henry Dundas, for the other. Erskine opened the campaign by proposing and carrying a resolution that it should be competent to any elector to demand a scrutiny, which was opposed, not without reason, by Dundas; for although in the first instance a majority of three (145 to 142) was declared for Carlyle, he eventually retired from the contest rather than await the result of a scrutiny. The importance attached to this affair may be collected from a letter addressed to Lady Betty Cunningham by Mrs. Mure:—

This town is now very quiet after the great bustle of the General Assembly, and a sad one it has been too for such a trifle as 84 pound a-year, but it came quite to be a political affair, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox combatants. The latter, however, carried it merely by the great abilities and exertion of our friend Harry Erskine. Some people say it is to come on again, but I don't believe that will answer.

In his capacity of lord advocate to the Prince of Wales, Erskine was bidden to all the formal gatherings of the prince's friends, and Lord Buchan (the son) states that whenever his father was in London, the prince "appropriated" him, and desired he should be invited wherever H.R.H. went. His conversational powers were particularly in request, and taxed to the uttermost, to entertain the Stadtholder when on a visit to this country; "the sleepest prince in Europe," as the Prince of Wales described him to Erskine in an *aside* at the presentation. He slept through performance after performance at the theatre, and gave audible evidence of heavy slumber during the greater part of a State ball. There were occasions, however, when he was wide awake, to the confusion of those who mistook his sleepiness for stupidity. When he was at Cambridge, he was taken to divine service at one of the college chapels. On coming out attended by the vice-chancellor and some heads of houses, he turned to them and asked where the text of the sermon was taken from, as he had not heard it distinctly. None of them knew. At length, risking a haphazard answer, Dr. B—— named the Second Epistle of Jude. "There is but one epistle of Jude," said the Stadtholder. "Oh, yes, I meant of course the second chapter." "There is but one chapter."

It was about 1790 that Erskine purchased an estate in the Valley of the Almond, which he christened Ammondell. The situation he chose for the house was low, and his elder brother, Lord Buchan, who had a fancy for living upon a hill, exclaimed on being taken to it, "Why there is actually no *prospect* whatever!" "You forget, my dear David," was the laughing reply, "that I have always the *prospect* of your estate." He was already a Fife-shire laird in right of his wife, and in 1790 he was looking to the representation of the Fife-shire District of Burghs. On the 30th of March the Duke of Portland writes:—

The prospect you give us of your success in Fife-shire is highly gratifying to the wishes of

all your friends, and especially so to myself, who look to it with the interested view of its furnishing me with the means which I have long wished for, of knowing you personally. It is perfectly true that no new or additional motive was wanting to call forth the question of my best endeavors in promoting any object you have at heart; but I am ingenuous enough not to attempt to deny the force of that which I have just stated and to be proud of the avowal.

Erskine's moderate politics account in some measure for the difficulty he experienced in obtaining a seat in Parliament, and also for his not figuring as the champion of free discussion, like his brother Lord Erskine in England or Curran in Ireland. "What," asks Lord Cockburn, "preserves the forensic glory of Thomas Erskine except the 'State Trials,' which gave subjects of permanent dignity to his genius, and which, thus sustained, his genius made immortal? Few such occasions occur in England, and far fewer in Scotland." There were enough and more than enough of such occasions for any one willing and able to take advantage of them. It was a Scotch State trial (of Muir in 1793) that Curran, in one of his finest passages, adduced as an example of the persecuting spirit generated by fear:—

To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe what in my mind is still more astonishing, that in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art and decked with the wealth of every Muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simpler, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life? But I will not press any idea that is painful to me and I am sure must be painful to you. I will only say that you have now an example of which neither England nor Scotland had the advan-

tage: you have the advantage of the panic, the infatuation, and the contrition of both.*

The biographer states that Erskine only appeared in one of the State trials, one in which the prosecution was withdrawn upon a point of law. This is the more remarkable, because his readiness to take up the cause of the oppressed had grown into an article of popular belief. A writer to the signet in the west of Scotland, representing to a needy tacksmen the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbor, was told: "We dinna ken what ye say, maister; there's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend, or fear an enemy, whilst Harry Erskine lives." The truth is, Harry Erskine was himself something of an alarmist: in the great Whig schism of 1792, he sided with Burke against Fox, and although he was an active member of the convention for reforming the internal administration of the royal burghs, he threatened to withdraw from it if it meddled in any manner with Parliamentary reform. In April, 1792, his younger brother, who had just joined the "Society of Friends of the People," writes to the eldest, Lord Buchan: "I have, after serious reflection, become a member; I am quite sure nothing less will save the country. In completing the original body, each member has leave to name two non-resident members, and my wish is to name you and Henry; we have never yet come forward together, and I like the 'Tria juncta in uno' in a good cause." Lord Buchan assented; Henry declined. In the June following he writes to Sir Gilbert Elliot:

For myself I have ever been of opinion, that, however excellent the principles of our Constitution may be, it certainly admits (particularly in respect to Parliamentary representation) of many very salutary amendments; and whenever, at a *proper time*, and in a *proper mode*, there shall be brought forward a plan of reformation in that respect, it shall meet with my cordial support. But I am decidedly of opinion that this is of all others the most im-

* "Speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan," Jan. 29, 1794. Thomas Muir, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, was tried (Aug. 30, 1793) for sedition, and sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. Jeffrey and Romilly were present at the trial, which (Lord Cockburn states) Jeffrey never mentioned without horror. Romilly writes to Dumont: "I am not surprised that you have been shocked at the account you have read of Muir's trial. You would have been more shocked if you had been present at it as I was." Palmer, a Dissenting minister who had been educated at Eton and Cambridge where he graduated, was tried for the same offence and underwent the same sentence. We cannot venture to print the retort of Lord Braxfield to a person similarly accused, who justified being a reformer by divine example.

proper time that such a plan could have been suggested, and that the mode adopted is in the present conjuncture the most unfortunate that could have been devised.

At the same time he thought the coercive measures proposed by the government too strong; and at a public meeting in Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1795, he was the mover of resolutions condemnatory of the Seditious Meetings and Writings Bill and strongly protesting against the continuation of the war. "Who is not with us is against us," was the motto of the anti-Gallican party, as indeed it is of most parties when what they think their vital interests are at stake, and Erskine's political opponents, finding that they could command a majority amongst his professional brethren, resolved on striking a blow which turned out, as they meant it should, the most mortifying that could be inflicted on such a man. The office of dean of the faculty, as already mentioned, was formally an annual one. Erskine had held it for ten years, when a circular signed by eight members was addressed to the body at large, calling on them to show their disapproval of their dean's conduct and principles by displacing him in favor of a candidate better fitted to "represent them to the world, and to sustain their character of attachment to the laws and constitutions of their country." This candidate was the lord advocate, Robert Dundas of Arniston, who was chosen by a majority of 85, 123 to 38. Lord Cockburn, who condemns the proceeding, is obliged to admit that the provocation was strong:—

Considering the state of the times, the propriety of his presiding at a public meeting to petition against the war may be questioned. The official head of a public body should consider what is due to the principles and the feelings of those he may be supposed to represent; and to the great majority of the Faculty, Erskine's conduct must have been deeply offensive. Still the resolution to dismiss him was utterly unjustifiable. It was nearly unprecedented, violent, and very ungrateful. He had covered the Faculty with the lustre of his character for several years; and if wrong, had been misled solely by a sense of duty. Nevertheless, on the 12th of January, 1796, he was turned out of office. Had he and the Faculty alone been concerned in this intemperate proceeding, it would not have occurred. But it was meant, and was taken, as a warning to all others to avoid the dangers of public meetings on the wrong side.

In times long after, when men's minds had calmed down, it was a subject of pride and self-congratulation to have been one

of the minority, and a subject of regret to have refrained from voting with them. Jeffrey was eager to be one of the chosen band, but was over-persuaded by his father and Lord Glenlee to stay away. "He envied the thirty-eight, and always thought less of himself from his not having been one of them." Lord Buchan (the son) says: "I believe this expulsion from the deanship was a great grief to my father; though, according to his nature, he bore it with a sweetness and equanimity unchanged. My mother controlled her feelings less." There were occasions when his equanimity gave way, and the feeling of irritation at the treatment he had received from his professional brethren was too strong for him. As his biographer suggests, he was but human. At some public Whig dinner at this time the chairman proposed "the health of the gentlemen of the Faculty who had done themselves the honor of voting for Mr. Erskine's re-nomination to the deanship." Mr. Erskine rose, and very quietly remarked, "Mr. President, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of the gentlemen of the Faculty?"

Burns gave vent in verse to his indignation at the affront put upon his distinguished friend in "The Dean of Faculty: a New Ballad." It was not one of his happiest effusions. The first verse describes the heat of the contest:—

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry,
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

There appeared also amongst several satirical pieces in verse and prose on this event, one entitled: "The Telegraph: a Consolatory Epistle from Thomas Muir, Esq., of Botany Bay, to the Hon. Henry Erskine, late Dean of Faculty." It contains some spirited lines:—

The vote is passed, and black balls fill the urn;
The silken gown is from thy shoulders torn
And all thy titles—all thy honors pass
To deck the persen of abhorred Dundas.
Come to the sacred shore, and with thee bring
All who have virtue to detest a king.

One of the most remarkable cases in which Erskine was engaged after his degradation or (as his friends insisted in calling it) his elevation, was the trial of Macdonald of Glengarry for a duel which ended fatally. The victim of the duel

was Lieut. Macleod of the 42nd Highlanders. The scene of the quarrel was the ball-room at Inverness, May 1st, 1798. At a late hour, after supper, Glengarry came up to a young lady, Miss Forbes of Cul-loden, and claimed her promise to dance the last country dance with him. She disclaimed any such promise, and said she was engaged for the dance to Mr. Randal Macdonald, and on this gentleman's relinquishing his right in Glengarry's favor, she refused to dance with either of them. On Glengarry's still insisting on his claim, Macleod, a mere youth, who was sitting by her, said: "Why do you tease the lady? Can't you allow her to choose for herself? You are one of the stewards, and can command as many dances as you please." Glengarry replied, "It is no business of yours; you should not interfere." Macleod explained that he only did it "in a friendly manner." After this, Miss Forbes danced a reel with Macleod, and then left the room. This was the lady's account of the occurrence. The gentlemen adjourned to the mess-room of the 79th Regiment. There high words passed between Glengarry and Macleod, and Macdonald, it is said, struck the lieutenant over the bonnet with his stick, and kicked him, with the remark, "It is now daylight, and you know the use of your pen and ink." Macleod drew his dirk, but the company interposed to prevent further mischief.

A hostile meeting was arranged, but was delayed by some mistake as to the locality: the magistrates interfered; and a rumor had got abroad that Glengarry was disposed to show the white feather. When the meeting took place, Major Macdonald, Glengarry's second, endeavored to bring about an amicable arrangement; but besides an apology in writing to be dictated by military men, Macleod required that the stick with which he had been struck should be placed in his hands to be used as he thought proper. This was positively refused, and the parties took their ground at eleven paces. Captain Campbell (Macleod's second) had proposed ten, and Major Macdonald twelve. The bullets for the pistols proved to be too small, but Major Macdonald would not hear of their being wrapped in leather to make them fit. Macleod was hit at the first fire, under the arm. At this stage the seconds induced the gentlemen to shake hands. Macleod, it was found, was badly wounded. He was taken by the surgeon in attendance to Fort George, when the ball was extracted,

and he seemed to do well at first; but he gradually declined, and died on the 3d of June. Throughout the affair, adds Colonel Fergusson, the prime idea in the poor lad's mind seems to have been to bear himself in a manly fashion, and to support the dignity of the 42nd, under the gross insult that had been put upon him. When he shook hands with his adversary, his *naïve* remark was, "You will allow, Glengarry, that I stood your fire like a man."

Whilst an indictment for murder was preparing by the direction of the lord advocate, Erskine was consulted whether it would be safe for Glengarry, who was still at large, to stand a trial. The reply was that the case was a serious one, but that he (Erskine) would do his best, and Glengarry at once determined to "stake his chance on Henry Erskine." The facts were proved as stated, and we can well believe that the excitement was extreme when the principal witness presented herself, — a handsome young woman, dressed in a riding-habit, black hat, and green veil, — to whom Lord Eskgrove, the presiding judge, addressed the remark, after she had been sworn, "Sit down, young leddy, but ye maun pit up your veil, and let's see your face."

The court had sat nearly fourteen hours, and it was close on midnight, when Erskine began his speech for the defence, which occupied upwards of three hours. No report of it is extant, but it consisted, we are told, of a powerful appeal to the jury, on the point of honor, stress being laid on the persistent efforts of Major Macdonald and his principal, to offer every kind of apology consistent with their character as gentlemen. It was four o'clock in the morning when the jury were enclosed, and appointed to give in their verdict at twelve o'clock that day. Such had been the effect of Erskine's appeal to the jury, that it was felt that the matter was as good as ended. So much was this the case, that a question arose as to the necessity for Glengarry's returning to his quarters in the Tolbooth. Coll Macdonald, Glengarry's agent and kinsman, came to consult Mr. Erskine on the point, when he said, "If Glengarry is wise he will return to the prison." He deemed it imprudent at this stage to appear over-confident of the result. The jury accompanied their verdict of "not guilty" with a statement of their reasons, which were essentially the points urged by Erskine, disclaiming, with doubtful consistency, the doctrine that killing in a fair duel was any defence

against a charge of murder. Lord Eskgrove expressed his approval of the verdict with a hope "that the pannel, and all others, would be careful by their future conduct to avoid so illegal and dangerous a practice as that of duelling." With questionable taste, a dinner was given by Glengarry's friends to celebrate his acquittal, to which Erskine was invited, but his approval of his client's conduct was not sufficiently strong to admit of his being present. According to the strict laws of honor as understood when duelling was in vogue, a hostile meeting was hardly to be avoided; but assuming Glengarry to have been rightly advised in declining the required act of humiliation, he should certainly have fired in the air.

Instead of seeking occasions, like his more mercurial and excitable brother, to inveigh against abuses of authority and encroachments on constitutional rights, Erskine counselled prudence and conciliation to the clients who wished to make him the organ of their discontent. Almost anything in the nature of a combination could be brought within the Seditious Meetings Act. Some shoemakers who had formed themselves into a Benefit Society, were prosecuted and applied to Erskine; who advised them to plead guilty, and trust to the leniency of the court on the ground that they had unconsciously offended against the law. An incorporated body of tailors, whom he had saved from a threatened prosecution much in the same manner, insisted on giving him a dinner at which his health was drunk with due honors. Seeing when he rose to reply, that there were just *eighteen* of them present, he concluded his speech by wishing "health, long life, and prosperity to *both* of you," and vanished from the room without waiting to see how the joke took. His sense of fun was absolutely irrepressible. Having succeeded in a cause in which his clients, a large coal company, were deeply interested, they invited him to a grand dinner, to celebrate their good fortune. The chairman having called on Erskine for a sentiment or toast, he gave them: "Sink your pits—blast your mines—dam your rivers!" *

The offer of the post of lord justice clerk in 1804 by his political opponents was a handsome acknowledgment of his professional eminence, and the circumstances under which it was declined reflect credit on his firmness of principle

and consistency. Hope, the lord advocate, who had the prior official claim to the office, represented in the strongest terms that he would neither renounce his party nor hamper his future conduct by accepting it. "The place," writes his son, "would have been highly agreeable to him, and the salary was much needed; his ready generosity had forbidden him to lay by much more than he had engaged to pay as the price of Ammondell. But unfortunately, as I think, and as all but himself thought afterwards, a scruple of separating his fortunes from those with whom he had ever believed himself closely united by a common principle, was the uppermost idea in his mind."

His wife died early in 1804, and in less than a year (Jan. 7, 1805) he married a fascinating widow, Mrs. Turnbull, a sister of Sir Thomas Munro, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who, after she had again become a widow, writes of her: "Except Mrs. Dunlop, Burns's patroness, and Mrs. Henry Erskine, married to the late lord advocate, I do not find a creature who has oil enough in the lamp of enthusiasm to burn on to advanced life."

The death of Pitt (Jan. 23, 1806) and the formation of the Cabinet of All the Talents placed Erskine once again in the high road of preferment. But there was a delay in his reappointment to his former office, owing probably to the difficulty in procuring a seat in Parliament. This was removed by Lord Lauderdale, who (Feb. 20) writes:—

I kissed hands to-day for the peerage (of the United Kingdom). His Majesty looked very well, and received the citizens of London with the address, surrounded by the new Ministers. You would have hardly known the Chancellor (Lord Erskine), he looked so solemn. I could not persuade myself I had ever heard him joke in my life.

There is no news but what you know. In the formation of a Government, consisting of various parties, there have necessarily occurred difficulties, but everything goes on well and smoothly; and it is to me surprising that there has not been more jarring in the course of the whole business.

Have you any plan for getting into Parliament immediately? I think I will manage, if you have no view of a seat, to get you in this session. You shall hear from me in a day or two.

The mode in which his lordship managed this affair of a seat is an illustration of the state of the Scotch representative system prior to the Reform Bill of 1832. There was a group of royal burghs, con-

* Townsend, vol. ii., p. 141.

sisting of Dunbar, Lauder, North Berwick, Haddington, and Jedburgh. The Dalrymple family were all-powerful at North Berwick, as were the Maitlands (of which Lord Lauderdale was the head) at Lauder and Dunbar: and having thus between them three of the five burghs, they arranged that a Maitland nominee should sit for *two* Parliaments and a Dalrymple for *one*. This arrangement, which completely excluded Haddington and Jedburgh, had existed for centuries. When Lord Lauderdale wrote, it was in expectation of a vacancy which it was his turn to fill up. The vacancy occurred by the resignation of Sir Hugh Dalrymple; and Erskine's election was notified to him by the agent in a letter dated April 18th, 1806:—

EDINBR., 18th April, 1806.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have only one moment's leisure to congratulate your Lordship on your election, which took place at North Berwick yesterday; but there being no post for London, the return could only be made this day by the Sheriff.

It seems it has been the constant practice for the sitting member to send an English newspaper to each borough in the district, with the exception of *Lauder*, to which Mr. B—— informed me that it had been in use to send the *Courant*. This is an expense I could not have dreamed of, but so much is it understood, that James Dalrymple desired that, instead of the *Courier* the *Globe* should be sent to *North Berwick*. The delegates for *Haddington*, *Dunbar*, and *Jedburgh*, made choice of the *Star*.

As Sir Hugh [Dalrymple] will instantly countermand these papers, it will be necessary for your Lordship to have an immediate communication with Lord Lauderdale upon this subject; and might I beg the favor of a single line in course, with your Lordship's instructions with regard to the *Courant* for Lauder?

A group of royal burghs, which required only an English newspaper a piece, suggests the image of a model constituency, a shining example of purity and independence; but it would seem that the self-denial of the corporate body did not exclude a certain amount of self-seeking in the individual members. Not many weeks after his election, Erskine received an epistle beginning thus:—

NORTH BERWICK.

Two of the burghs's of North Berwick beg leave to present their most respectful compliments to their representative in Parliament, the Lord Advocate. Conceiving ourselves not the least of his Lordship's constituents, we request to offer him a few remarks for his consideration. In the present state of things, there are only two ways in our opinion that

his Lordship can distinguish himself in the present Parliament. The first that occurs is, that his Lordship should seize the chief or entire management of all Scots affairs, in the same way that Dundass formerly did, whereby he would become popular in the country, when he could turn out the Dundass party, and put in their places his own friends and well-wishers. His Lordship has a large scale to go on. He has the church, excise, custom-house, post-office, and many other lucrative situations in his power of gift, that we are unacquainted with, and therefore shall not specify them. The second is, that he should make some eminent display of his great and unrivalled abilities in Parliament; and how far the present trial of Lord Melville would be a proper opportunity for such a display as we allude to, is submitted to his Lordship's better judgment.

His Parliamentary career was short. His connection with the Maitland burghs was terminated by the dissolution in the October following; and his connection with the Dumfries district of burghs, for which he was next elected, lasted only till the dissolution of April, 1807. He stood twice for Linlithgowshire, and failed. Neither was his official career sufficiently prolonged to enable him to carry out any of the useful measures he meditated. Even the abolition of the famous "fifteen" was reluctantly left to his successor.

His appointment as lord advocate was gazetted on the 8th of March, and he immediately left Edinburgh for London. Alluding to his first appearance in London in a professional capacity, Lord Campbell says: "I remember hearing him plead a cause at the bar of the House of Lords. All the courts in Westminster Hall being deserted from a curiosity to compare the two brothers—and full justice was done to the elder." Lord Brougham also bears ample testimony to the same effect:—

He was a most argumentative speaker; and if he sometimes did more than was necessary, he never for an instant lost sight of the point to be pressed on his audience by all the means he could employ, and which really were every weapon of eloquence except declamation and appeals to the tender feelings. Of course, a great cause placed him more under restraint, and more called forth his exertions; yet it was singular how much he would sometimes labor even in the most ordinary matters. However, if I were to name the most consummate exhibition of forensic talent that I ever witnessed, whether in the skilful conduct of the argument, the felicity of the copious illustrations, the cogency of the reasoning, or the dexterous appeal to the prejudices of the court, I should

without hesitation at once point to his address (*hearing in presence*) on Maitland's case; and were my friend Lauderdale alive, to him I should appeal, for he heard it with me, and came away declaring that his brother Thomas (Lord Erskine) never surpassed — nay, he thought, never equalled it.

"He at that time" (continues Lord Campbell) "represented Dumfries, but he never opened his mouth in the House of Commons, so that the often debated question, how he was qualified to succeed there, remained unsettled." This is an unaccountable mistake. A lord advocate could not have remained mute, and the Parliamentary debates contain several speeches of his, of a not unambitious character, although, judging merely from the reports, we cannot say that they support his traditional reputation for excellence in debate, which Lord Jeffreys says died with him. The discussion on the Mutiny Bill of 1806 turned mainly on the advantages or disadvantages of short service, a question which has remained unsettled to this hour. Erskine spoke at some length on this subject, and gave free indulgence to his fondness for illustration, not, it must be owned, in his happiest vein: —

Limited service was the most successful way of procuring men; and to suppose they could not judge of the advantage of limited service because they had not sustained the character, was as absurd as to imagine that a young woman could not tell the inducements that one of her sex might have in taking a husband, because she herself had not entered into the marriage state. In the country with which he was best acquainted, the men were not to be obtained by hanging a purse upon a halberd; they took a rational view of their situation and so formed their determination.

When gentlemen talked of the future and remote disadvantages of the plan, they reminded him of a dispute regarding a canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow for the supply of coals. In one direction it passed through a vale without the smallest interruption on a perfect level, and the tract through which it was to pass contained a supply of coals for *three centuries*; in another it was to be obstructed by sixty-seven locks, and to be elevated 750 feet above the surface of the sea, but the supply of coals was sufficient for *five centuries*! It was a disgrace to the good sense of the country that, like this Bill, the former channel had numerous opponents.

He had the qualification, highly esteemed by his countrymen, of a goodly presence. "We Scotchmen," said Ferguson of Pitfour, "always vote with the lord advocate, so we like to be able to see

him at the close of a debate." It was this Ferguson of Pitfour who boasted that he had heard many a speech which altered his opinion, never one that had the least effect upon his vote. "Sixty years since" it was rare to find a Scotchman who had succeeded in throwing off his native dialect. Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) spoke broad Scotch, and Lord Braxfield accurately described the effect of Jeffrey's brief residence at Oxford on his accent by saying: "The laddie has tint his Scotch but fand nae English." The accent of both the Erskines was unexceptionable and Henry's diction classically pure. If he failed comparatively before so fastidious an audience as the House of Commons, it should be remembered that, as was said of Flood, he was an oak of the forest too old to be transplanted. He was sixty when he entered Parliament, but if the following story be accepted as told by Colonel Fergusson, the occasion mentioned by Lord Campbell could not have been the first on which he appeared in a professional capacity in the metropolis: —

To this period of Mr. Erskine's official career belongs a story which has often been repeated, illustrative of a quaint mode of pronunciation of certain terms peculiar to the Scotch Law Courts. . . .

On one occasion, it is related, Harry Erskine was addressing a committee of the House of Lords regarding some trust business. In the course of his speech he had frequently occasion to mention the "*cūrātōrs*," always pronouncing the word in the manner approved in the Scottish Courts — that is, with the accent on the first syllable. One of the English judges — Mr. Erskine's son understood that it was Lord Mansfield who was so fastidious — could stand this no longer, and exclaimed: —

"Mr. Erskine, we are in the habit in this country of saying *cūrātor*, following the analogy of the Latin, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long."

"I thank your Lordship very much," was Erskine's reply; "we are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *cūrātor*, we follow the analogy of the English language; but I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senātor*, and so great an *orātor*, as your Lordship."

Lord Mansfield being himself an emigrant from Scotland, was doubtless not unwilling to show his own superior attainments in the direction of civilization, forgetful how ticklish a question is that of the quantities of classical words in English.

Lord Mansfield, the emigrant from Scotland, the silver-tongued Murray, died in 1793.

Erskine was in Edinburgh when the news arrived of the downfall of the government, brought about by an injudicious attempt to introduce a small installment of Catholic emancipation. Referring to the bigotry of some among their successors, he consoled with the Duchess of Gordon upon the death of her son, saying "it was much to be lamented that poor Lord George did not live in these times; he would have stood such an excellent chance of being in the Cabinet instead of in Newgate."

Some bitterness of feeling may well have been inspired by a foreboding sense of the series of disappointments in store for him. There are few more disagreeable positions than that of a man in advancing age and failing health who, after filling the office of attorney-general or lord advocate, is thrown back upon the ordinary practice of the bar. His only hope of dignified retirement is the bench, and this hope Erskine was encouraged to form, not only by the general recognition of his professional claims, but by the attachment professed for him by the Prince of Wales, and the influence which some of his party, Lord Moira and Adam in particular, were still known or thought to possess at Carlton House. The manner in which the coveted elevation was kept dangling and flickering before his eyes till within a year of his death, may be collected from the correspondence. Early in 1811 (precise date wanting), the office of lord president of the Court of Session having become vacant by the death of President Blair, Adam writes to say that, in a very full conversation with the prince, he had dwelt upon the admitted fact that the Scotch lawyers of ability and legal knowledge are all on "our" side of the question; that he (Erskine) was at the head of them; and that the selection should be on the *detur digniori* principle. On May 23, 1811, he writes:—

MY DEAR HENRY.—I have hardly time to do more than refer to what Gibson will have written to say that the Chancellor has just left me, and I have communicated the Prince's wishes to him that you should succeed to the President's chair. He recd. it with great candour, and with an unqualified declaration that fitness, not politics, should be the rule. Lord Moira, Lord Dundas, and Lord Keith, were all of opinion that this was the course to take—*valeat quantum*. Mr. P. (Percival) was most kind about you, and seriously wishes it.

Again, June 6th, 1811:—

I have explained everything minutely. He [the Prince] knows the state of the Scotch

Bar as well as I do, and that the talent is all in our quarter. So that your appointment is founded in *fitness*, not *politics*. I have said I will not answer for his not being circumvented and defeated, but I am sure of his good intentions and of my watchfulness.

If the prime minister seriously wished it, and the regent's intentions were good, where was the hitch? But the office of president was conferred on Charles Hope, and that of lord justice clerk, which also had become vacant, on David Boyle. In a letter dated Harrowgate, October 30, 1811, to his friend, Cathcart, Erskine writes:—

My object here was my daughter's health; but I had resolved to go on to London to be fully apprised of everything, and to take my resolutions accordingly. One of them is, in every event finally taken, never again to stand at the Scots Bar. I trust you will be relieved from that odious situation by the application in your favor being successful, though, after what has happened, I confess I speak more from my wishes than my hopes. Having yielded to the appointment of Boyle, and Ministers having had the audacity to press that measure, what is to be expected of any signification of the Prince's will? He has signified to me that the late arrangement was yielded to, not from any abatement of his regard for me, or the high opinion he entertains of me, and that when he has an opportunity he will *himself* explain the whole. I think it right to give him such opportunity.

In this letter he expresses some distrust of Adam, which was speedily removed, and (strange to say) in a letter to Cathcart, dated London, November 28, 1811, he says:—

Of the unaltered state of the Regent's regard towards me I have no doubt, and, so far as I am individually concerned, I am convinced his intentions are good. I do believe that, without resorting to a change, he could not have given the point, which I believe he had earnestly in view.

In the same letter, referring to a possible change of government, he writes:—

Should the change be a right one, the Court of Revision would undoubtedly take place, and you need not doubt that the chair of that Court would be my object beyond all others. That you will have the next gown, in all events, I have not the least doubt. In that event, we should be able to form a respectable Bench; as the Court now stands, the plan would be impracticable.

It was about this time that an incident (related by the biographer) occurred, which ought to have undeceived him once for all. One morning he met — at the Par-

liament House, and asked if he had any news from London. "Excellent," was the reply; "we shall all be sent for in a short time," and the speaker threw down a letter for Mr. Erskine to read: but two letters, received that morning, had been misplaced in their franked covers. Mr. Erskine reading the one *not* intended for his perusal, came upon the expression, "We must at any rate *get rid of the Erskines*,"—when he discovered the mistake. Soon after this, he gave up the bar and retired to his country house at Ammondell, where he was visited in September, 1812, by Horner, who writes:—

He is living among the plantations he has been making for the last twenty years in the midst of all the bustle of business: he has the banks of the river Almond for about four miles: he told me he had thrown away the law like a dirty clout, and had forgotten it altogether. It is delightful to see the same high spirits, which made him such a favourite in the world while he was in the career of ambition and prosperity, still attending him, after all the disappointments that would have chagrined another man to death. Such a temper is worth all that the most successful ambition could ever bestow.

Apparently absorbed in rural pursuits, building, landscape-gardening, his violin, and his books, he never entirely lost the hope of reappearing in public life. Nor was he permitted to lose it. At one time he was led to expect a peerage; at another, so late as 1816, the office of lord clerk register. Lord Erskine writes to Mrs. Erskine:—

Everything possible was done. Adam had in the kindest manner laid the ground, and the Prince had not forgotten Harry, and, as Macmahon told me, most unwillingly relinquished the object; but Lord Liverpool had promised the Duke of Buccleugh, and before Lord Frederick [Campbell] was cold in his bed, Lord Sidmouth was sent from Lord Liverpool to claim it. . . . There seems literally to be a spell upon our family; arising, however, from our continuing, after the death of Fox, to be connected with men who assume the name of a political party, but by their folly have ruined their . . . country along with themselves.

The year following, Oct. 8, 1817, he died after a short illness: Lord Erskine died in November, 1823: Lord Buchan in April, 1829; when Sir Walter Scott sets down his impression of all three in his *Diary*:—

April, 1829.—Lord Buchan is dead, a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talents. His imagination was so

fertile, that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary fictions which he delighted in telling. . . . The two celebrated lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was, but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, thoroughly a gentleman; and with but one fault—he could not say *no*, and this sometimes misled those who trusted in him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-a-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word that he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor. The latter at one time possessed 200,000*l.*; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crackbrained, and sometimes caustic; Henry's was one of the kindest, best-humored, and gayest that ever cheered society: that of Lord Erskine was moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

Lord Erskine's wit in his best days was as gay and good-humored as his brother's; and to talk of having seen a ghost as if he believed it, was surely no proof of madness. Dr. Johnson believed that he heard his mother's spirit calling to him. If both Henry and Thomas were saving men, and saving is the mother of riches, why and how did they die very poor—if they did, which we doubt? Sir Walter places the trio in the best point of view by taking them together. "How animated and excited a view of human nature," exclaims Lord Cullen, "is the contemplation of superior talent employed for the benefit of mankind, and how unique it is for three brothers to attain that pre-eminence!" It is literally unique, unless we recognize the pretensions of the Dupins;* and if Thomas (Lord) Erskine's career was the most brilliant, Henry's shone through life with a steadier, more sustained light, and his memory is most fondly cherished by his countrymen. It was not merely his wit, his eloquence, his patriotism, his public services, that called forth the burst of popular enthusiasm at his death. It was the combination of head and heart that had endeared his name to all classes; and not a dissenting voice was heard when "To the best-beloved man in Scotland" was proposed as the most appropriate motto for his monument.

* "A la mère des trois Dupins" is the inscription on a tombstone in Père la Chaise. Dupin *and* the Baron Charles were men of undoubted eminence. The younger brother was a clever advocate.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER:
A TALE OF THE CONGO COAST.

PART I.

KABOOKA BAY was a quiet spot on the desolate Congo coast. There was no European habitation within forty miles of it on one side or the other, and the white-washed roof of the factory, or trading station there, could be seen from far out at sea, a solitary speck on the border of an almost treeless, barren-looking country.

The large, wide bay itself was bounded at each end by low cliffs; and from dark seams in the sides of these exuded a thick shale oil, which lay yellow and greasy on the surface of the pools of sea water at their bases, amid the rocks round which the sea curled and poured.

Nevertheless the surf was neither so high nor so heavy at Kabooka as at many other places along the coast. Out seawards, instead of the usual lines of white dangerous water, were only here and there little patches of foam, where the rollers came upon the hidden rocks. Close in-shore the breakers fell in almost gentle succession, and at last spent themselves on a beach of fine sand, strewn with coral-encrusted seaweed, pink, white, gray, grass-green, yellow, and purple in color; while delicate sea-shells of all shapes, tints, and sizes, lay scattered about, and glistened in the rays of a tranquil sunset.

Drawn up beyond the reach of the water lay two gaily-striped surf-boats, their sharp curved stems pointing seawards. Beyond them a pathway was worn through the bent grass, and led up a gentle slope to the factory.

On the planked verandah of the low wooden felt-thatched house sat two white men in the coast costume of a shirt and a pair of white duck trousers a-piece, enjoying the cool of the evening after the long heat of the day. And the two had had a piece of hard work, as upwards of a hundred tusks of ivory lying in the dark cargo-room of the factory testified. These had all been bought during the day, and probably more would be forthcoming from the native traders on the morrow. On this day, too, a steamer from Europe had been due at Kabooka, and it was the probability of her arrival before they should be ready to ship their ivory by her that the two men had been discussing.

"Ah, well, when she comes," said the elder, — a dark, sallow-faced, but good-

looking man, — "she will be the last but one before my relief arrives, and then 'hey for England, home, and beauty!' Eh, Master James Barker?"

"Ay," returned the younger; "and I don't know how I shall get on without you, sir," he added. "Since you took me, a sick ship lad, out of the old barque in Sharks' Creek, and nursed me to life again, when near every man aboard died of the *bilioso* fever, you've been more than a father to me — you have, sir;" and the lad turned a glance full of gratitude and trust towards his companion.

"Tuts, tuts," replied the elder shortly, "yours was the worst case, and you were the youngest on board; so naturally I took care of you. But what's more to the purpose, James, you've amply repaid anything I ever did for you since you've been in the service of the firm. You've turned out an honest, brave boy, an A 1 trader, and a prime favorite with the natives; and I'll go bail you'll be quite indispensable to my relief when he comes; for I dare say he'll be some fellow quite ignorant of the trade and the way of the natives here," and Mr. Monke's voice had in it a touch of sarcasm.

"Let me go home with you," suddenly pleaded the lad. "I will be your faithful servant; I will not ask for wages from you if" — and he stopped — "if you will only allow me to be near you," he whispered.

Mr. Monke stared. Here was evidence of attachment in all sincerity. He was flattered; but he said, "What, James Barker! you propose to be *my servant*? And what about your position on the coast? Why, you will be an agent in charge in course of time, with a station all to yourself, and your own master. If the firm had only taken my advice, they'd have put you in here until I returned; but they never do the correct thing until it is too late," he added, having another fling at his relief.

"I am sick of the coast; I hate it," returned the lad vehemently, the color mounting in his face. "The same sea, sky, and land, day after day. Nothing but the prickly bush and the niggers to look at. Why, sir," he went on quickly, to hide what the other might possibly deem ingratitude, "we haven't seen a white man for three months, and not a white woman for as many years."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the elder man kindly, seeing through the pretended disgust of the lad, "you've tired of it all very suddenly. And as for a white woman,

wait till you have a beard. I never heard you mention the name of one before, James. You surely did not leave a sweet-heart at home, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the lad shortly, and rose—as a native servant, clad in a white flowing cloth, caught dexterously round his shoulders, came on the verandah, and after making a low salaam with the whiteish palms of his hands turned outwards, announced that dinner was served. He then, with free stride, followed his whit-masters into the dining-room, his round, black face and thick, red lips showing in the lamplight like polished ebony and coral. There could not have been a greater contrast to him and the other three of his race who waited at the table—the counterparts of himself in the *physique* of their frames, and the unmeaning look of their broad faces—than the two white men. The latter, though thin and pale through the effect of the climate, and looking as if any one of their servants could have mastered them with ease, had yet in their clear-cut features, and, above all, in the quick, intelligent look of their eyes, a something that gave warning not only of what they could do, but would attempt.

Yet between the two there was a great difference besides that of age. Monke's face was dark, thoughtful, and sarcastic in expression, seeing through things, as the natives well knew. The lad's countenance, on the contrary, was open and fair, his hair was light brown, almost yellow in color, and there was a dreamy look in his blue eyes which contrasted oddly enough with his gaunt, awkward, growing frame, whose bones showed too plainly. Yet there was a gentleness about him which had first attracted his senior. In short, while the one was educated and practical, the younger, ship-boy though he was, and rough and coarse in exterior, had the finer mind.

After their meal the two wearied men retired to rest through a night brilliant in moonlight, beneath which the phosphorescent waves glittered as they broke with the swell in the dark water of the open bay, and edged the beach with continual flashes of silver. On the shore there was not a sound heard save the murmur of the ocean and the melancholy cry of the watch set round the factory.

Even the vast, shadowy background to the bay was silent. As the hours wore on and day broke, a heavy mist collected over the gray sea, and crept slowly inland, and the natives for the last watch drew

their trade blankets about them, as they shivered with the cold. But as the sun showed himself the mist soon rolled away, and everything sparkled and revelled in the warm light of the early tropical morning. With it came a band of traders from the native village, numbering, with their bondsmen, fully one hundred. Between each two slaves, in a sort of wicker basket, was slung a heavy, curved elephant's tusk, and in single line the men descended a path through the grass, and forded a river. The interpreters belonging to the factory and the masters headed this procession, holding long wands, with which they gesticulated and pointed as they walked, and the rear was brought up by a crowd of fighting men, whose duty it had been to guard the band on their journey, and who, now their duty was over, beat tom-toms, blew horns, and made a great fuss.

All this excitement was by way of rejoicing over the arrival at the factory of another company from the far interior, whence, after many months' journeying through tribe after tribe and past danger after danger, they had emerged on the seacoast, and had come to Kabooka to dispose of their produce. The men were, one and all, armed with knives and flat-headed spears, and some carried bows. Their knives they wore stuck through folds of native yellow grass-cloth wound round their waists. The bondsmen and fighting men had no other clothing on their bodies, but confined their decorative talents to their hair, which they wore in the form of great trained bushes of wool. The masters, in whatever condition they had travelled, after their rest in the village of Kabooka, had arrayed themselves in long, trailing pieces of European cotton cloths, and wore anklets and bracelets of brass, and strings of bright beads round their necks. All had flat features of the true negro type, and they differed outwardly only in color, verging from a dark brown to quite a light bronze tint. Their frames were worn through their long march; but to them repayment for all their toil was soon to come through the instrumentality of the white trader.

Arrived within the yard of the factory, the bearers sat themselves down beside the walls, while the others stood about in groups discussing prices while waiting for the white men. Presently the large doors of the cargo-room were thrown open, and immediately, irrespective of degree or rank, a rush was made through them to be brought up in front of a small desk, at

which James was seated calm and ready. He motioned with his hand to the foremost men, who instantly squatted down on their haunches on the floor in circles, their tusks of ivory in the centre. The others blocked up the entrance to the room, and streamed out into the sunny yard, each man agog to catch the price of the first tusk sold, which would necessarily serve as a guide to the value of the rest. James rose and inspected one belonging to the group immediately in front of him. It was what was called a prime tooth, fully five feet in length, curved gradually and without knot or crack, although its dark-brown smooth surface was dented and scarred, and its point worn fine by use in far-off forests.

James signed to a native to put it in the balance, and it turned the scale at fifty pounds. Then he thrust a stout stick into the hollow root of it, and brought out the end of the stick covered with wet mud. A downcast look came over the faces of the owners as he smiled grimly and bade them clear the tusk. At most times he would have packed the group off, or made them wait till all were served; but as theirs was the first tooth, and a fine one, he passed over the attempt to cheat, and after the mud had been scraped out of the tusk, took a good two or three pounds off the weight of it by way of retaliation, and then considered his offer. So many guns, so much powder, and so many "parts" of cloth, he cried out, after a brief calculation of the goods he had for barter; and immediately his voice was heard, it was answered by a derisive chorus of refusal from all parts of the room.

He sat down and waited calmly while the groups consulted among themselves and with the interpreters in a state of pretended frantic indignation. He feigned indifference. After a while, an offer to take a price exceeding his by fully a third was made by them, which he refused, and told them good-humoredly to speak their "last mouth" next time, or in another word *sense*. Upon this he was asked to name a fresh price, and after pretending to look with much seriousness at the slate before him, he increased his offer by a very little, informing them that he had now truly spoken his "last mouth." Then ensued another chatter, in which bondsmen and fighting men joined, so great was the eagerness of all to have a part in settling this most important question. James was implored and entreated over and over again to make yet another

mouth, but he answered firmly. "What I have said I have said," and sat back in his chair with folded arms.

It was a sufficiently striking picture, — the long, low, wooden, whitewashed cargo-room, with the many groups of stalwart black figures squatted before the solitary white man seated at his desk, and keeping the whole company in check, as it were; while behind him for a background, were piled huge opened bales of gaudy-colored cloths, — striped, checked, figured, flowered, or dyed wholly red or blue. Blankets, rugs, and shawls were spread beside gold and silver threaded dress-pieces, and soldiers' uniform coats — trappings gorgeous to the native eye. Stands of old flint muskets with shining barrels, some of which bore the Tower mark, were ranged along the walls, or lay in open cases. Bundles of glittering swords, spear-pointed knives, *machets*, and much other cutlery, were placed beside hundredweights of heavy brass rings, slender brass rods, flints, hoop-iron, and other hardware. Pottery of common sorts and heaps of nick-nacks in the shape of toys, hand looking glasses, and a great quantity of false jewellery, took up the whole of one corner, while another was occupied by boxes of beads. Cases of coarse liqueurs stood thick together, and stowed behind them loomed large puncheons of rum.

The sight of all these riches was perhaps too tempting to the crowd of savages, for at last, though with a tremendous show of reluctance, James's second offer was accepted by them, and a bargain struck for the number and quantity of muskets, powder, and cloth he had named, which articles would be afterwards exchanged for many others, according to a fixed standard of values much in favor of the white trader.

The price of the first tusk sold having thus been ascertained, and received with a grunt by the natives, bargaining was speedily proceeded with, and Monke joining the lad, the two men toiled busily and eagerly for many hours, managing the increasing stream of sellers with consummate tact, ability, and good humor. Indeed so much ivory was bought that the elder man began to have serious doubts of there being sufficient goods in the store to pay for it all, and he bade James stop buying and take a look round and give his opinion. James rose and was beginning to roughly calculate the contents of the bales and cases before him when he happened to turn suddenly, and

saw in the little doorway which led to the dwelling portion of the house, the slender though tall figure of a white woman. He started backward as if shot. He could not at first believe his eyes. He stared, and slowly approached the figure, which looked at him. He gave an inarticulate cry to Mr. Monke, who, turning, was also transfixed with astonishment. A lady! a white lady! It was the last object either had thought to see, and she stood before them, and quite close, having advanced into the room, and being brought to a standstill by a roar of surprise from the astonished natives.

James further approached her, and she put out both her hands, which he took involuntarily between his own rough palms. There were tears in her eyes, and it was with difficulty she spoke. At last she cried, "Oh, you are English, are you not?" "Yes," answered James, "this is an English house, and we are both English, Mr. Monke and I." Monke now came forward and told James to take the girl into the dining-room and attend to her, while he would go on with the work.

So the pair thus oddly brought together went out of the dark and now close-smelling cargo-store into the light and cheerful dining-room of the factory, and there James found a Dutchman leaning out of one of the windows, and talking at the top of his voice to a number of hammock-bearers outside.

Senhor Thoolen explained that he had conducted the lady to Kabooka. She had landed from the steamer that had passed down the coast two nights before. "The steamer is past Kabooka, then?" queried James. "Yes, but it is to call on its return from the south." Mees M'Gibbon had come out to her brother, and was forwarded by the Dutch house to the nearest English factory. He, Senhor Thoolen, had instructions to return with all speed, and would make his farewell if the Senhor English would provide him with four fresh bearers for his hammock.

"M'Gibbon!" ejaculated James, as he heard her name pronounced. Was it possible that she could be the sister of the notorious Bill M'Gibbon, well known on all the coast betwixt the Congo and the Gaboon? "M'Gibbon!" again said James to himself—a Yankee in manner, a Scotchman by birth, an ex-soldier of the American war, whose face was scarred by the mark of a bullet-wound through the cheek, a swaggerer, a drunkard by reputation. Could so fair a being be of the same flesh and blood as he? And if so,

how had he allowed her to come to so strange a land? It was cruel of him. And James poured out his inquiries in Portuguese to the Dutchman, who, surprised, shook his head slowly, and did not know any more about the matter than that the *senhora* had landed from the steamer, and that he had been ordered to deliver her safe and sound at Kabooka, which he had done. "But," and he drew James to one side, "is she not beautiful,—*lovely*?" And he grasped James hard by the arm, and his little eyes twinkled knowingly as he turned them up in his head until nothing but the white of them was seen, and kept them so long inverted that they began to look like fixtures.

The sooner he was out of the way the better, thought James; and sent for the bearers he wanted. Then the girl, who had stood by wondering, staggered the lad by asking simply to see her brother. James tried to explain. "Is he not here?" she asked, trembling violently. Nothing had been heard of him, confessed James. But Mr. Monke would be only too glad to receive her until a messenger could be sent to him. If she could trust herself to stay at Kabooka, that would be the best way. It might be a week or more before the messenger could return; but she might be sure he would go as quickly as possible. It was of no use. By some misapprehension she had expected to meet her brother, and her disappointment was too great. She sat down and burst into tears. She had already heard enough of the country on her passage out to know that probably she was the only Englishwoman in the land, and the thought frightened her. By the sight of her distress James was distracted. He did not know what to do. Smelling-salts, perfumes, he thought of; but there were none within a thousand miles of him. All he said to her seemed at first to increase her grief. He contented himself with cursing, to himself, the absent M'Gibbon. And yet he was conscious that he rejoiced at his absence.

At last she calmed down a little, and following up his advantage, he sat down beside her and soothed her as well as he was able in his awkward way; and she, becoming gradually interested in what he said, told him in return how and why she had been brought to the coast.

Her profession at home had been that of a governess. Her only brother had never taken any notice of her; but having lost a situation she had been in, and not being able to obtain another, she had

written to his agents in England asking him, as her only relation, to help her, and for a reply they had paid her passage out to him.

This surprised and puzzled James very much. What kind of life did M'Gibbon imagine she would lead on the coast? What could she expect to do there, and in its climate, if it did not kill her? As these thoughts ran through his mind, Margaret — for that was her name — plied him with questions as to her brother and his surroundings; and though the sympathetic lad gave her as good an account of the man as he could, and of his house and the place it was in, yet he could not help showing some of his anxiety to her, which she perceived, and he felt that she seemed to look to him for help. Mr. Monke found the two together, and alone; and he smiled in spite of his curiosity to know the wherefore of the appearance of this waif from the civilized world. Upon being told, he was as much astonished as James had been, and then he was grave. There was something more than curious in the fact that a man like M'Gibbon should bring this young and educated girl out to the coast. She would undoubtedly be a restraint upon him, which his rough disposition could not but feel irksome. And, like James, Monke thought, What of the girl's fate in a spot far from any other woman?

However, he could do no more for her than to assure her that she was as welcome as possible until her brother came for her; and he despatched a messenger to him at his factory on the Bay of Donde with the news of his sister's arrival and a letter from her. Then the two men, leaving Margaret alone for a time, went back to their work as if no unexpected interruption had come to the routine of their solitary lives, — at least the elder one did. As for James, already something led his thoughts astray.

That night, when the work was again done, Monke sat on his verandah in the shade and watched the two young people as they talked together, entirely forgetful of him, and already fast friends. Thoughts of far-off days many years past came to the man involuntarily. And James happened to rise and go out with the girl into the bright moonlight. The two strolled away together, and then they came back and stood by the verandah covering. Presently the lad turned his face up to the great orb, whose strong, pure light brought out his every feature. There was an expression on his face which had

never been there before, thought the elder man; and he leaned forward in his chair, breathless and startled in spite of himself, for the moment. The look of the lad had suddenly reminded him of some one, and he gazed, utterly transfixed, until James came on to the verandah again, when he dropped back into his chair with a sigh. "It was the expression, the very expression," he murmured to himself, half-affrighted. "Bah! the idea was nonsense," he muttered, recovering. It was only the effect of time and circumstance on his imagination, and he tried to dismiss the lad from his thoughts.

Yet that night the vision of a face came to him again and again, so that he could not sleep, and he rose and went outside. Just as he reached the edge of the verandah, he gave a little cry of surprise and partly of terror. There, before him in the moonlight, was the very face that had haunted him. But the next moment he recognized James; and, to cover his emotion, he asked the lad roughly what he did out so late, and on getting no answer, ordered him off to bed.

The sudden advent of the girl had unduly disturbed both the lad and himself, Monke concluded, and the sooner she was away the better. It was no business of his how her brother would behave to her; and with this decision he tried to sleep.

Nevertheless, not even James became more attentive to Margaret during her enforced stay than Monke. It was wonderful how readily he, so disinclined to be disturbed or roused, put himself about to accommodate her. He insisted on giving up his own room to her, and had all his bachelor belongings removed out of it into a little dark room. He found in his trunks collars and neckties of bygone fashions, and white drill-coats, and adorned himself to the great envy of James, who possessed no such evidence of refinement, and had, to his great disgust, to appear at table in his usual, costume of shirt and trousers and an old pilot coat.

All the native women about the factory were banished with the exception of one, who had strict injunctions to wait upon the *senhora* and do nothing else. James, whose duty it was to superintend the household arrangements of the factory, endeavored to make up for his want of a white coat by extreme nicety in the supply of the table. He held long consultations with the cook and the cook's mate. He shot and dressed a bullock. He bribed the native hunters, with the result that

little deer not much larger than hares, red legged partridges, green pigeons, and other delicacies, were served every day after fresh oysters from the river. And for vegetables there were green corn, yams, and large red peppers. He went on board the steamer on its return; and after seeing two tons of ivory safely stowed away on board, returned with as many loaves of the ship's white bread, and bottles of pickles and sauces, and potted meats, as he could buy from the steward. At this improved fare Monke chuckled to himself, and wished the girl would stay a very long time to stimulate Mr. James in his arrangements.

And to Margaret's great distress, a whole week passed away without any news from her brother. The first intimation that was received of the message being delivered, was the reappearance of the man who had carried it, as he crawled through the open doorway of the dining-room. Beside him strode one of the head-men of the factory, whose brazen bangles and heavy coral necklet rattled as he pointed with angry gesticulation to the head of the messenger, which was bound up with a piece of blue *baft*.

His story was soon told. He had delivered his "book" (letter) on the third day after leaving Kabooka, and on its presentation had been paid his cloth. While resting after his quick journey, he had been summoned before the *mun-della* (white man), who had struck at him and cut him — and the man's hands were lifted tenderly to his head. Then he had been seized, tied up, and lashed — and he turned his back to his audience and remained kneeling in that attitude. However, a cross-examination conducted through the head-man elicited the fact that Zinga, the bearer, had received two extra bottles of rum over and above his allowance, and as to what had happened after receiving those bottles of rum his memory was defective. He had been flogged, he explained. But that he had been drunk was suspected, and his case was dismissed amid many groans and complaints of injustice from him, which were summarily cut short by the head-man, who, when he found nothing was to be made out of Zinga by way of going shares in compensation for injuries received, laid his wand across the poor creature's sore back without compunction, and drove him out of the door.

The treatment the messenger had received gave Margaret but a poor idea of her brother. He had been terribly severe

with the poor negro, she thought, and his continued silence in regard to herself filled her with vague alarm. However, by James's advice, she tried to be hopeful, and was rewarded in two days by the sight of a white hammock which was carried into the yard of the factory amid a great noise, and came to a sudden halt before the door. Out of the hammock rolled M'Gibbon, and as he lighted on his feet he was conscious that a pair of soft arms were about his neck, and that a face so sweet that it seemed to him a vision, was upturned to his own bronzed and bearded countenance. It was a face set in a frame of soft hair and gemmed by a pair of eyes of the color of the ocean that rolled not fifty yards from him. So taken aback was the rough man with the beauty before him, that he kissed the face on the brow, and then, as if ashamed of the emotion he displayed, he thrust his sister a little way from him and stood looking at her through his grey eyes.

"By G——!" he exclaimed, partly in admiration and partly to himself. "How old are you?" he added quickly.

"Twenty, Will," she replied, wondering.

"You are too young and too good-looking to be buried on this d——d coast," he answered. "I've made a mistake to send for you."

She trembled a little as she heard what he said, and she was bitterly disappointed by his manner; but she bravely replied, "So long as you are near me, Will, what need I care?" and so saying clasped her hands caressingly on his arm. M'Gibbon hastily withdrew it, and muttering, "Well, as you are here, you'll have to stay," he went on to the verandah where Monke stood surveying him. That gentleman gave him the very tips of his fingers to shake, and was frigidly polite to him. There was not one thing in common between them save the fact that they had both failed in life; but Monke, though he had blundered, knew how and why he had blundered, and that his self-exile on the African coast was of his own doing. Whereas the other was a coarse bully, who had sinned, and would sin again. He felt most uncomfortable under the keen eyes of the trader, particularly when the latter chided him in his most sarcastic manner for his want of attention to his sister, and let him know he thought him most unfeeling. Then there was that matter of Zinga. But as for Zinga, M'Gibbon swore that if he caught the rascal he would repeat the flogging he

had given him; for he had been discovered in an attempt at theft. And as in principle theft, or attempt at theft, was never allowed to go unpunished by the traders, Monke said no more on the subject; but privately sent a message to the erring Zinga to the effect that it would be as well to keep out of the white man's way for a little while to avoid unpleasant consequences, — a hint which Zinga at once took, and disappeared to his own village. James, M'Gibbon treated with the greatest curtness, despite the lad's care for his sister, of which he was informed by Monke. The lad was but an "assistant" or trader's servant in the man's eyes. Nevertheless, when the little coasting schooner that was to convey the brother and sister to their destination dropped anchor in the bay, James was the first to go on board to make its little three-cornered den of a cabin, with its curtained berths and its single-peaked skylight, fit for her reception. In fact, he turned the skipper out of his cabin, much to that seaman's disgust at having to make way so unexpectedly for a woman. But when Margaret stood upon his quarter-deck, as he called it — three steps and overboard — he, in his own vernacular, clapped a stopper on his jawing tackle, and bowed her below.

Before she went down, James took her hand to say good-bye; and so beautiful did she look to the foolish boy, as she stood on the moving deck with the blue sky and the rolling sea behind her — things dear to him — that he was hardly able to say the word. But presently the rough growl of the skipper gave the order to up anchor, and the foresheet was loosened, and James went over the side. But when a little way off he bade the crew of his boat lie on their oars, and they waited beside the low, black hull of the schooner, as it dipped to the swell into the clear water, until the clank of the windlass on board ceased, and her head pointed seaward. By the time James reached the shore she was already a far-off speck upon the water, and before long had vanished out of sight — but not out of mind.

For three months nothing more was heard of Margaret, and her stay at Kabooka had come to be regarded as a far-off remembrance. Monke's leave of absence had now come, and with it his substitute. To him Monke praised James's zeal and judgment, and recommended the lad strongly; but, to his surprise, when he told James of what he had said for him he found him uneasy and dissatisfied.

James did not like to offend his friend, that was evident, but there was something on his mind which turned that friend's kind words to gall, and Monke questioned him until he confessed that he too was going away from Kabooka. Monke turned on the lad astonished. "What!" exclaimed he, "that silly notion again! Do not think of going home for many years, more than you've been here."

"I was not thinking of home," answered James; "I have no home," he added simply.

"What, then?" asked Monke.

James placed a letter in his friend's hands, and on opening it Monke found it contained the offer from M'Gibbon of a situation on terms no better than the lad was receiving. The trader looked straight into James's face, and read him at once.

"It is that girl you are thinking of, you young fool," he said.

James did not reply.

"For the chance of seeing her you would sacrifice your prospects with the firm? Bah, it is the utmost silliness," and Monke laughed outright. The result of this was that James walked away seemingly not the less determined. Monke, seeing that ridicule would have no effect upon the lad, strode after him, caught him by the shoulder, and, turning him round, endeavored to reason with him, but to no purpose.

"Yet you are as changeable as you can well be," said he at last. "Not long ago you wished to leave the coast to go to England with me, and now you wish to leave me to go to this M'Gibbon for a longer term of years than would see you master here. I am disappointed with you. However, you are nothing to me, to be sure," and Monke shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. "If you choose to make a fool of yourself, do so. Accept this berth," he added, with rising anger, "but do not call me your friend again."

"I have accepted it," said James quietly.

Then the two faced each other; and Monke, in his anger, was about to say something bitter regarding the ingratitude that had been displayed towards him, when the pleading look that filled the lad's eyes struck his imagination with such force that he stepped back a pace or two almost in dismay, and was silent.

Recovering himself with an effort, he laid a kindly hand on the lad, for he could not be rough with him now. "Very well, James, have your own way," he said; and

without speaking more, went straight to his bedroom and sat down, amid the preparations for his departure. Placing his head between his hands, he fell into a deep reverie. He was more affected than he thought he could be. Was it possible? he reflected. No. He knew the lad's story, as James had often told it to him, — how his father and mother were dead; how he had been brought up by an uncle, a laborer in a bonded dock warehouse; how the child's earliest recollections were of the greasy, narrow, and filthy streets, close to the river, of a great town, and among the tall, smoke-begrimed warehouses which overshadowed everything near them, except the flaunting gin-palaces, fed by the sailors, laborers, wagoners, and loafers, who pushed in and out of their greasy swing-doors in two almost never-ceasing streams; how three golden balls, poised aloft, were the only signs that rivalled those of the drinking-places; how the rumble and jolt of countless wagons, bearing merchandise in value untold, sounded from grey dawn to late night along those very streets, whose darkness, squalor, and wretchedness the lad had suddenly exchanged for the blue sea, the breezy sky, and the strong rushing wind as he found himself on board ship.

These facts Monke knew, and they were commonplace and trite enough, and hardly to be twisted into any romance about James any more than the not less simple story of the little native boy, who on his knees was busily packing the great white man's boxes as neatly as could be, his black eyes sparkling the while in anticipation of receiving an old shirt or coat in a present. Both he got, though what possible use the garments could be to such a mite of naked humanity, whose sole attire was a narrow strip of cloth over his loins, was not apparent. But he rose and salaamed for them gracefully.

A few days after this Monke had embarked, and James had set out on his journey by land, and the factory was left in other hands, to the great outward grief and lamentation of the head-men, who had certainly received enough parting gifts to console them, but who thought it politic to impress upon the new-comers a sense of the ineffable goodness of the white men who had gone, and the miserable inferiority of their successors.

At Donde all James's regret at losing his only friend was at once swept away by the mere sight of Margaret, who received him with an eagerness which brought a

sparkle to his eyes. But he perceived at once that she looked pale and thin, and not at all so strong as when she had arrived on the coast, and there was in addition a wistfulness in her eyes which told his eager and concerned glance that something more than faded health affected her. He had not been many days in Donde before he found out that she had always been neglected and left alone in that solitary spot. It, like Kabooka, was a bay; but a beautiful one. It was land-locked, and surrounded by steep hills, wooded down to a tiny strip of circular beach, upon which there was scarcely a ripple, so smooth was the water. It was so nearly round in shape, that from most parts of it appeared a half circle of the dense vegetation of the valleys and the more scattered hardwood forests on the hillsides, some of which were reflected in the pool of water, as it were, for the height of the hills dwarfed the size of the bay, so that it appeared much smaller than it really was, and not until one took boat and tried to reach an opposite shore was its size revealed. To the south-west a narrow opening led to the sea. The soil of the country was heavy and rich, and consequently the chief trade was in the products of it, — palm-oil, kernels, and earth-nuts. Of this trade M'Gibbon ought to have had the better share, for his only opponent was a Portuguese of the name of João Chaves, who lived in a mat-house surrounded by woods. But, as James soon found out, the Portuguese had the better trade, and what was more curious, the Scotchman, instead of being jealous of Chaves, spent no little time with him, to the neglect of his own business. Moreover, he was always assisting him with goods, for which he received apparently no return.

James could not account for all this. The Portuguese was known to him as one of the many convicts who are deported to west Africa by the Lisbon government, and after a time are allowed to go at large, provided they do not return to Portugal. What particular crime Chaves had committed James did not know; but his face, to the lad's eye, was not a pleasant one. And in truth he was cruelty itself to the natives he was possessed of. In frame he was a tall, loosely made, powerful man. From his straight heavy eyebrows his dark eyes flashed quick furtive glances, while his lips kept their alertness company with a shifty smile, which appeared to be always verging upon a snarl. This was partially concealed by a thick

black moustache and a tangled beard. There was a something about his presence that always took James by surprise. It flashed upon the lad like that of some wild animal. Nevertheless, Chaves tried to be on good terms with James, and would bid him good-day, with a sweep of his *sombrero*, and the smile that was like a snarl, whenever he saw him, which was not often. Margaret shrank from the man.

M'Gibbon's neglect of his sister was James's opportunity, and Margaret and he became closer companions than ever. He shortly worshipped the very ground she stood on, and while doing his work faithfully, tried to comfort and amuse her to the best of his ability. But somehow never did he show by word or deed what was in his inmost heart. He considered her too beautiful, too far above him for that and she—well, she looked upon him only as a sailor.

As time flew on, the factory, denuded from time to time of goods, gradually fell into disrepute with the native traders, and the trade dwindled away slowly but surely during all the wet season. James ventured to remonstrate about this, but was roughly told to keep a silent tongue in his head, and to do the best he could, which he did, until at last all the goods, except a supply sufficient to buy provisions with, had been either bartered away or sent to the Portuguese.

Then it was, after a week of nearly constant rain, one stormy night as the lightning zigzagged in the heavens in constant, broad, violet-white bands, blinding in intensity, and the heavy thunder rolled peal after peal right over the house, shaking it to its foundation of bricks, and the rain plashed down in almost solid sheets of water, that James was awakened during a slight lull in the storm by the sound of a woman's scream, followed by the noise of the heavy footsteps of a white man staggering along the verandah, and the patter of the bare feet of the black boys as they fled before him. To throw aside his mosquito curtains and leap out of his bed, took the lad but a few moments; but during those moments the scream was repeated. He dashed into the chief room of the factory, and saw, by the light of the lamp that burnt there of nights, a sight that for a second almost paralyzed him. Margaret was struggling in the arms of the Portuguese, and at one end of the room stood her brother, swaying to and fro, and fumbling at the lock of a revolver.

Without a thought James sprang upon Chaves, and struggled with him to bring him down, and so far succeeded that Margaret was enabled to escape from him; but the strong man, recovering from the shock, threw the lad from him, so that he staggered and fell. The Portuguese then strode out of the room into the darkness, M'Gibbon daring him with many curses and flourishes of his weapon to return. At once James did his best to calm his drunken master, and relieving him of his weapon, got him out of the room and into his bed, and hastening back, he found Margaret in a faint. He bathed her face with water, and when she had recovered a little, supported her to the door of her room. As she was about to enter it, she suddenly turned and clung to him convulsively. "You will not—you will not leave me?" she whispered, affrighted.

"No, no," he muttered; and then she told him in broken sentences what had happened.

She had awakened in the night, and feeling thirsty, had called to the little native girl who attended on her; but finding the child stretched across the doorway of her room fast asleep, she had stepped across her, and had slipped into the dining-room to draw the water herself from the round earthen jar which always hung there suspended from the roof. Suddenly, as her arms were stretched upwards, she found herself clasped in the embrace of the Portuguese. She struggled to escape, and then James entered.

This was her story, which she told amid the gradually decreasing noise of the thunder, and the fainter lightning flashes, trembling violently the while as she half lay in James's arms. Thus he held her until, on his promise to watch over her for the rest of the night, she went into her room. He stretched himself before her door, taking the place of the little negro girl. His thoughts were troubled for her safety. He knew the nature of men like the Portuguese, and he knew also that the man had somehow a hold over M'Gibbon. The latter, in spite of his bluster, was afraid of Chaves, and if—if the latter had taken a fancy to Margaret? And, sickened by the thought of what might happen to her in such a case, James lay awake until the dawn.

When he saw Margaret again alone, she added to his suspicion by confessing to him that her brother had even gone the length of hinting to her that the Portuguese admired her, and it would be for her advantage if she did not discourage

him; and he had backed his hints up by coarsely reminding her that she might any day find herself a beggar.

James's indignation at this knew no bounds, and on Margaret adding that her sole anxiety now was to leave the country, he, without a moment's hesitation, offered her the bill that represented the whole of his savings, to pay her passage. Even the generosity of this did not reveal to her all that was in the lad's heart towards her.

"Present the order to the captain of the next schooner that calls here," said he, "and get you away while you are safe. The captain will take it, for it is on the firm I was with, is signed by their agent, and nearly due. But will M^cGibbon permit you to leave?" he added.

"He cannot surely prevent me," she replied, "except by force, and he could not use that. And you—you will be on my side, will you not?" and she laid her hands on his arm.

James smiled at the trust she had in him, and at the thought that he could be anywhere else except on her side, and then he told her how much he feared from the ascendancy the Portuguese had over her brother.

"Yes, yes," she answered, "there is something between them,—something that gives that man"—and she shuddered—"power over him. I had felt it before you came, and now I fear it."

"He has already about ruined him," said James.

"I fear he may do worse," she replied.

James said nothing more to her; but he resolved that that night he would, if possible, satisfy himself as to what bond kept the two men together. He had already a suspicion; but he was determined to verify it.

M^cGibbon, after having mooned about the factory for the whole of the day, and without referring to what had occurred the night before, or even showing that he expected it to be referred to, went as usual to the factory of Chaves. James waited until darkness had well set in, and then placing Margaret in the charge of two brawny natives, armed with *machets*, followed him.

The single path wound gradually upwards past scattered trees and brushwood until above the point of the bay, near to which the house of Chaves stood. Then it descended into a valley where the forest was thick and tangled, and the trunks of the huge redwood-trees so encircled by thick creepers, so matted and interwoven

overhead, that the starlight only flickered through them here and there to make the darkness visible. On the opposite side of this valley the factory of the Portuguese was built, encircled by the forest except to within fifty yards or so of the house, where the ground was clear.

James, when quit of the wood, crept as softly as he could through the grass so as not to disturb the watch, and succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved. He halted beneath a single tree on a small level space. All was silent about him except the ceaseless "tick, tick, tick" of the insects in the tree above, and the solemn "croak, croak" of the frogs in the marshy places far below. Before him the light given by a twisted rag floating in a dish of palm-oil, shone yellow and dim through the reed blinds of the open verandah of the house. He could hear his own breath. All at once the long-drawn moans of some one in intense agony fell upon his ear, and sounded as if from close beside him. He started, and peered about, and again he heard a moan. Guided by the sound, he saw, a little way off, the punishment post of the factory, and beside it lay the naked form of a negro, and a puff of wind coming from that quarter brought with it a sickening smell.

The man was chained to the post, and the moans he made were so distressful that James crept up to him. He was lying on one side fastened by his wrists tightly, so that he could hardly touch any part of his body with his hands. His ribs showed through his skin, which was covered with mud, wrinkled and cracked by exposure, and seamed by raw and partially healed welts where the lash had twisted round him. His arms and legs were wasted away, and his face was hollow. The only sign of life about him was his eyes, which glittered with a piteous stare as James knelt down beside him. This the lad was hardly able to do for the stench and filth about the slave, who must have been chained, exposed to sun, rain, and dew, for some weeks. There was a tiny cup with a little water in it, which James put to the lips of the man, who made one effort to swallow, but could not. He was evidently dying. James thought to put him on his back, and to support his head a little; but on placing his hand behind him, felt that it was covered with blood, and that little strips of flesh were adhering to it. The whole of the slave's back was one mass of deep cuts crossed and recrossed, as he had

been flogged again and again, with just sufficient intervals between each flogging to allow him to recover some vitality. This was a piece of the cruelty of Chaves, thought James, as he slipped a billet of wood under the man's head, and rose to leave him. He could do nothing for him, and he had yet to accomplish the discovery he had come to make.

Notwithstanding the want of cover, he managed to gain the edge of the floor of the verandah undiscovered. This was elevated a couple of feet or so above the ground, and he could hear the voices of the two men in the room inside. As he lifted a corner of the rattans, M'Gibbon gave a loud laugh. James paused and heard a slight, rattling sound, followed by a second or two of silence, and then a low chuckle of exultation. He knew now what he had come to find out.

From Longman's Magazine.

SOME POINTS IN AMERICAN SPEECH AND CUSTOMS.

I.

THAT the two great branches of the English people on the two sides of the ocean should never weary of hearing about one another is surely only natural and creditable to both. I trust at least that those whose business it is to hear do not weary of hearing; for certainly those on either side who expect others to listen to them seem never weary of telling their experience of the other side. He who visits Britain from America, he who visits America from Britain, seems bound, if he be at all in the habit of using the pen, to use it forthwith to set down all or some of his impressions of the kindred land and its people. The thing seems to have taken its place as a formal duty which cannot be escaped. For my own part, I had hoped to escape it. I was so well treated in America that it really seemed unthankful, almost uncivil, for me to write anything about America. Yet, while I was there, I was asked over and over again whether I meant to write a book about America. All thought of writing a book I could honestly disclaim; and it was only gradually that the necessity of writing something less than a book forced itself upon me. It somehow became unavoidable to say something, and my graver thoughts, whatever they may be worth, on several important matters dealing with the condition and prospects of

the United States I have tried to set forth in a graver quarter. But, having once begun, I still find something to say, and, being asked to write something for an early number of *Longman's Magazine*, it came almost natural to me to think of talking about some other things which had struck me in my American visit, things bearing on matters of less dignity than the constitution of the Union and the historical relation of that constitution to those of England and other European lands.

I have elsewhere ventured on the saying which to some may very likely seem a paradox, that I found less difference between England and the United States than I find between England and Scotland. Perhaps I am not altogether qualified to judge, as I have certainly seen more of the United States than I have seen of Scotland. But so it certainly struck me; and I thought I saw one chief reason for the fact, namely, that English and American law are for the most part the same, while English and Scottish law are for the most part different. I believe that this difference of law affects many more things, much more of daily habit, many more of the common forms of speech, than would at first be thought. But, on this showing, I may possibly be asked whether I do not find a greater likeness between Ireland and either England or America than I find between either of these lands and Scotland. In going to Ireland, as in going to America, we cross the sea—certainly a much smaller part of it—and we then find ourselves in a land essentially of our own law, while in going to Scotland we keep within our own island, and yet find ourselves in a land essentially of another law. And it may happen that more superficial likenesses between America and Ireland may strike the British visitor to America pretty soon after his landing. It was an American visitor to England who remarked—I believe he did not complain—that in England he missed the sound of the Irish accent. And he who lands in America, above all if he lands, as most of us do, at New York—yet more, if he makes, as many of us do, his first acquaintance with dollars by spending a large number of them on a New York hackney carriage—will certainly remark, whether he welcomes or not, the sound of the Irish accent at the very beginning of his sojourn. But he may perhaps before long come to think that the presence of English law in Ireland and the presence

of the Irish cab-driver in America are alike phenomena which are a little abnormal, though they may perhaps have a subtle connection with one another. It may be that, if English rule, and along with it English law, had never found their way into Ireland, the Irish cab-driver would never have found his way to New York. And some may even go on to think that, if the history of mankind had taken that turn, three countries at least would be the happier for it. Anyhow the likeness of the law between England and Ireland does not bring with it the same kind of likeness between England and Ireland which the likeness of the law between England and America brings with it. And the reason is plain. In Ireland English law, and all that comes of the presence of English law, is something thoroughly foreign. In America the presence of English law, and all that comes of the presence of English law, is something thoroughly natural and native. The law of Ireland is like the law of England, because Englishmen conquered Ireland and forced their own law upon the people of Ireland. The law of America is like the law of England, because Englishmen, freely settling in the new land of America, naturally took their own law with them. But Scotland was never either conquered in the same sense as Ireland nor settled in the same sense as America; Scotland therefore has never accepted English law, but keeps a wholly distinct law of her own growth.

Whatever therefore of likeness the English traveller in Ireland finds between that island and his own country is due to causes exactly opposite to those which bring about the likeness between England and America. In both cases the likeness is due to the presence of Englishmen in lands beyond the bounds of England; but it is due to their presence in altogether different characters. In the one case it is the presence of conquerors in an inhabited land; in the other it is the presence of settlers in what was practically an uninhabited land. Whatever likeness there is between England and Ireland, between America and Ireland, is only on the surface. Whatever likeness there is between England and Scotland, between England and America, between Scotland and America, all belongs to the very root of the matter. The likenesses and unlikenesses are of course in all cases due to historical causes. But in the one case they are due to comparatively modern historical events, after the nations sev-

erally concerned had put on their several national characters. In the other case they are due to those subtler causes, those earlier events, which ruled that the nations concerned should severally be what they are.

I said that the difference between England and Scotland seemed to me greater than the difference between England and America. I may add that the difference in each case is, to a great extent, a difference of the same kind. And here I must venture on a paradox. The difference between Scotland and England and the difference between America and England are both, I hold, largely owing to the fact that both Scotland and America are in many things more English than England itself. This is above all things true in the matter of language. People talk of "Americanisms" and of "Scotticisms," as if they were in all cases corruptions, or at all events changes, introduced by Americans and Scotsmen severally into the existing English tongue. Now I do not deny that there are a good many "Americanisms" and a few "Scotticisms" which really answer that definition. But I maintain that the great mass of both classes come under quite another head. What people commonly call an "Americanism" or a "Scotticism," is, for the more part, some perfectly good English word or phrase, which has gone out of use in England, but which has lived on in America or in Scotland. To take two very obvious instances, most people, I feel sure, would call *bairn* a Scotch word; most people, I feel sure, would call *fall*, in the sense of *autumn*, not indeed an American word, but an American use of the word. It almost seems as if they believed that the use of the word *bairn* in any sense, and the use of the word *fall* in that particular sense, was something that the Scots and the Americans severally had devised of their own hearts, and in which England never had any share at any time. Yet nothing is more certain than that *bairn* is Scotch only so far as it has gone out of use in England and has lived on in Scotland. West-Saxon Alfred talks about his "bairns," while the word would certainly not have been understood by any true Scottish Kenneth or Malcolm. *Fall*, in the particular sense of *autumn*, is, in the like sort, American only so far as it has lived on in America while it has gone out of use in England. That is, if it has gone out of use in England; for I can distinctly remember the phrase "spring and fall" in

my childhood. By "Scotch" in common talk is never meant the Gaelic speech of the true Scots; the word always means the speech of that part of northern England which came under the rule of the kings of the true Scots. The English of that district was naturally less affected than southern English by the Norman and French influences of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. It therefore keeps a crowd of good and strong English words which have dropped out of use in southern English. On the other hand, the later connection between France and Scotland, and the respect shown in Scotland to the Roman law, have brought in a good many French and Latin words which are unknown in southern English. The word "American," as applied to language means, in the mouth of a comparative philologist, the native languages of the American continent, exactly as "Scottish" ought to mean the language of the original Scots. In common use it does mean the English language, as spoken and written in the United States. I say the United States, because I am not quite clear whether Canada would come in or not. Now in the matter of language, as in most other matters, the United States have followed the usual law of colonies. A colony is always exposed to two opposite tendencies, which, though opposite, are found not uncommonly to work busily side by side. There is a greater tendency to stand still, and there is also a greater tendency to go ahead, than there is in the mother country. A colony which has no chance of going ahead is likely to stand very still indeed, much stiller than an old country. A small, isolated colony, say a small island, is likely to become one of the most old-world places to be found. It will in many things keep on the state of things which existed in the mother country at the time of the settlement, long after that state of things has, in the mother country itself, become a thing of the past. It has become a proverb that, if you wish to see old France, you must go to French Canada. And for many things, if you wish to see old England, you must go to New England. In the United States the tendency to go ahead has certainly reached as great a development as in any part of the world; but it has by no means driven out the opposite tendency to stand still. I need not say that I noticed many things in which our kinsfolk beyond the ocean had—sometimes, I thought, for good, sometimes, I

thought, for evil—left us behind. But I also noticed some things in which they had—sometimes, I thought, for good, sometimes for evil—lagged behind us. There is a vast deal of conservative feeling, or at least of conservative habit, at work in the United States, at any rate in the older States. There is much about them in speech, in manners, in institutions, which has a thoroughly old-world character, much that has lived on from the England of the seventeenth century, much in which the circumstances of the settlers called back into being things far older than the England of the seventeenth century. When anything that seems strange to a British visitor in American speech or American manners is not quite modern on the face of it, it is pretty certain to be something which was once common to the older and the newer England, but which the newer England has kept, while the older England has cast it aside. And it is not very hard to distinguish between usages which have this venerable sanction and usages which have come in only yesterday. It does not need any very great effort to discern between words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have been handed on from the days of John Smith of Virginia or Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have come in under the reign of the stump orator, the interviewer, and that deadliest of all foes to the English tongue and to every other tongue, the schoolmaster.

I have drawn a parallel between the Scottish and the American forms of English; but it is a parallel which is far from holding good in every point. The Scottish—that is, the northern—form of English is, in the strictest sense, a dialect. That is to say, it is an independent form of the language, which might have come to set the standard of the language and to become the polite and literary speech, instead of that form of the language to which that calling actually fell. Or rather, as long as Scotland was politically distinct from the southern England, the northern form of English actually did set the standard within its own range. It was the polite and literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings. It is only the political union of the kingdoms which has brought northern English down from that place of dignity, and has caused southern English to set the standard of speech through the whole of Great Britain. Whatever a Scotsman may speak, he now

writes after the manner of a southern Englishman. But the Englishman of America does not write — he is in no way called on to write — after the manner of the Englishman of Britain, but after his own manner. For his manner of speech, however it may differ from the speech of the Englishman of Britain, does not differ as a dialect strictly so called. And this is none the less true, though it is quite certain that several dialects of English are spoken in America. Some Americans, specially curious in such matters, profess to mark some difference of speech in almost every State, and to be able in most cases to say from what State a man comes. To this amount of discernment I naturally can make no claim; but I can see some marked points of difference between the speech of the Northern and Southern States, taken as wholes. And I can further see that the speech of Virginia agrees in some points with the speech of Wessex, points in which it differs from the speech of either Boston. Thus, for instance, the surname *Carter*, which to us does not sound specially patrician, but which in Virginia is reckoned to be at least as noble as Berkeley, if not as Montmorency, is locally sounded *Kyartah*. Now if the utterance of the latter half of the word may seem to be that of a London lounge, the utterance of the former part is genuine west-Saxon, whether of the days of Alfred or the days of Victoria. But if we come to compare the English of the United States, as a whole, with the English of Britain as a whole, there is no difference of dialect strictly so called between them. There is not the same kind of difference which there is between the English of the northern and southern parts of Britain itself. The test seems to lie in the fact which I have just spoken of. The speaker of northern English finds it needful to adopt, for certain purposes, the southern form of English, instead of that which is natural to him. But no American speaker or writer ever thinks it needful to adopt a British form of his own language, any more than a British speaker or writer thinks it needful to adopt an American form.

And yet it is perfectly plain that the English tongue common to Britain and America is not spoken and written in exactly the same way in Britain and in America. The man of either land carries with him marks characteristic of his own land which will not fail to bewray him to men of the other land. But those marks are not of the nature of dialectic differ-

ence strictly so called. I told my American hearers, in some of the lectures which I gave in several places, that between them and us I could see no difference of language, no difference of dialect, but that there was a considerable difference of local usage. Now local usage in matter of speech, whether it be of old standing or of quite modern origin, is altogether another thing from real difference of dialect. Real difference of dialect is a matter which lies pretty much beyond the control of the human will. It is often unconscious, it is almost always involuntary; if any reason can be given for the difference, it is a reason which does not lie on the surface, but which needs to be found out by philological research. But mere local usage, though it may have become quite immemorial, is not thus wholly beyond our own control. There is something conscious about it, something at any rate which can be changed by an immediate act of the will. For mere difference of local usage in language, we can often give some very obvious reason, which needs no philological research at all to find it out. For instance, what we may call the language of railways is largely different in England and in America. But this is no difference of dialect, only difference of local usage. In each case a particular word has been chosen rather than another. In each case the word which has been chosen sounds odd to those who are used to the other. In each case we can sometimes see the reason for the difference of usage, and sometimes not. No obvious reason can be given why in England we speak of the "railway," while in America they commonly speak of the "railroad." But no one on either side can have the least difficulty in understanding the word which is used on the other side. And indeed the American might say that, in this as in some greater and older matters, he has stuck to the older usage. Though "railroad" is now seldom used in England, my own memory tells me that it was the more usual name when the thing itself first came in. "Railway," for what reason I know not, has displaced "railroad" in England, and it is worth remarking that it is doing the same in some parts of America. Here one can see no reason for one usage rather than the other, and no advantage in one usage rather than the other. But when the American goes on to speak, as he often does, of the railroad simply as "the road," his language may sometimes be a little misleading, but it is

easy to see the reason for it. In England we had everywhere roads before we had railroads; the railroad needed a qualifying syllable to distinguish it from the older and better known kind of road. But in a large part of America the railroad is actually the oldest road; there is therefore no such need to distinguish it from any other. This to us seems rather like a state of things in which printing should be familiar, but writing unknown; but it is a state of things which the circumstances of our time have brought about in a large part of the United States. That is to say, the two tendencies of which I spoke have been at work side by side. The tendency to lag behind has hindered the growth of a good system of roads; the tendency to go ahead has brought in a gigantic system of railroads. Here we see the reason for the different use of language. We see it also in the different names for the thing which, when the railroad is made, runs along its rails. In Britain it is a "carriage;" in America it is a "car." This at least is by no means a distinction without a reason. The different forms of English railway-carriage might afford some curious matters for observation to a philosopher of the school of Mr. Tylor. Nowhere can the doctrine of survivals be better studied. The original railway-carriage was the old-fashioned carriage put to a new use; the innovation lay in putting several such carriages together. It is only quite gradually that what we may call a picture of the old carriage has disappeared from our trains. This is as distinct a survival as the useless buttons on a modern coat which once fastened up a lappet, helped to carry a sword, or discharged some other useful function now forgotten. But the American "car" was not made after any such pattern. It is strictly a "car;" at any rate it is quite unlike the special meaning attached to the word "carriage." If anything other than itself was present to the mind of the deviser of the American car, it was rather the cabin of a steamer than any earlier kind of carriage; and such an origin is suggested by the American phrase of being "on board" a train, which I fancy is never heard in England. Among European things, the older kind of American car is most like that which is used on the Swiss railways, as if there were some kind of federal symbolism in both. And now another form of the American car is making its way into England, and with the thing the name comes too. For "car" then there is a good

reason; but it is hard to see why a railway-station should be called a "depôt." The word "station" is not etymologically English; it is therefore not so good a name as the German *Bahnhof*; but it is quite naturalized and familiar, while "depôt" is still foreign, and hardly becomes less so by being sounded as if it were Italian and written *dipo*. But on several American railroads the name is beginning to give way to the more reasonable word "station."

All these instances taken from railway matters are necessarily very modern; I will take another which I have no doubt is as old as English settlement in America. In England we use the word "shop" both for a place where things are made or done and for a place where things are sold. In America the word is confined to the place where things are made or done, as "barber-shop," "carpenter-shop;" a place where things are sold is a "store." Less old most likely, but certainly not of yesterday, is the usage which confines the name "corn" to one particular kind of corn, that namely which we know as "Indian corn" or maize. I heard a most distinguished Englishman — Britisher, at all events — lecture to an American audience on the history of the English corn-laws; and I doubted in my own mind whether all his hearers would understand that he was mainly speaking of wheat. Now neither of these forms of speech comes among the cases in which the colony has kept on the elder usage of the mother country. This hardly needs proof in the case of "corn." But the narrower use of that word is exactly analogous to the narrower use of the word "beast" among English graziers, and of the word "bird" among English sportsmen. In the case of "shop," the word is perfectly good English both in the wider and in the narrower sense, as it is in a good many other senses besides. But I cannot find that "store" was ever used in England in the American sense, till it came in quite lately in the case of "co-operative stores." But I have not the slightest doubt that a perfectly good reason for the difference of usage could be found in some circumstance of early colonial life. I can fancy that in one of the first New England settlements a shop would really be a "store," in a sense in which it hardly is now on either side of ocean. And the "co-operative store" may be so called for some reason of the same kind, or it may be because the name is thought to be finer, or it may be a mere transplantation of the

American name. The "shop" or the "store" suggests its contents; and I dare say that there is some good reason, though I do not see it, why the contents of one particular kind of "store" should be specially called "dry goods." The contents of some other kinds of store seem to the untechnical mind to be equally dry. But the phrase, however it arose, is just like our phrase "hardware," which does not take in all things that are in themselves hard. Then again, I have known some foolish Britishers mock at such phrases as "town lot," "city lot;" but these are perfectly good and natural names for things to which we have nothing exactly answering in modern England. The constant use of the phrase "block," in showing a man his way about a town, struck me at first as odd. But it is a perfectly good use. American towns are built in blocks, in a way in which the elder English towns at least are not. The "city lot" suggests the "city" itself, of which we certainly hear much more in America than in England. The use of the word "city" in England is rather strange. At some time later than Domesday and earlier than Henry the Eighth, it came to be confined on one hand and extended on the other, so as to take in all places that were bishops' sees, and no places that were not. In America a "city" means what we should call a corporate town or municipal borough. But in England the word "city" is seldom used, except either in rather formal speech or else to distinguish the real city of London from the other parts of the "province covered with houses" which in common speech bears its name. In America the word "city" is in constant use, where we should use the word "town," even though the place spoken of bears the formal rank of a city. I remember getting into strange cross-purposes with an American gentleman who, in speaking of a visit to London, went on speaking of "the city," while he meant parts of the province covered with houses far away from what I understood by that name. "Town," in New England at least, has another meaning. A "town" or "township" may contain a "city," or it may not. On the other hand, one often hears the phrase "down town," even in New York itself. New York, by the way, calls itself a "metropolis;" in what sense of the word it is not easy to guess, as it can hardly be because it is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishopric. And I have even known a New York paper speak of

the rest of the United States as "the provinces." That insulting name is bad enough when it is applied to an English shire; it is surely worse still when it is applied to a sovereign commonwealth.

The words "metropolis" and "provinces," used in this way, I venture to call slang, whether the city which is set up above its fellows is London or New York. Anyhow this use of them is in no way distinctively American; indeed the mis-use of the word "provinces" is, I fancy, excessively rare in America, and it is certainly borrowed from England. Each side of the ocean unluckily finds it easier to copy the abuses of the other side than to stick to the noble heritage which is common to both. But even in the abuses of language on either side there is no strictly dialectic difference; still less is there any such difference in those legitimate varieties of local usage which have grown up out of the different circumstances of the two countries. But many of these last have thus much in common with dialectic differences, that they have come of themselves without any fixed purpose, even though we often can, as we cannot in the case of strictly dialectic difference, see why they have come. It is otherwise when one word is used rather than another under the notion of its being finer. This is plainly the case with "depôt," and I suppose it is also with "conductor" for "guard." But one cannot see either that "railroad" is finer than "railway," or that "railway" is finer than "railroad." If "store" may, from one point of view, be thought finer than "shop," the increased fineness is quite accidental; it is another thing when any man on either side calls his shop or store his "establishment." In nearly all these cases the difference matters nothing to one whose object is to save some relics of the good old English tongue. One way is for the most part as good as the other; let each side of the ocean stick to its own way, if only to keep up those little picturesque differences which are really a gain when the substance is essentially the same. This same line of thought might be carried out in a crowd of phrases, old and new, in which British and American usage differs, but in which neither usage can be said to be in itself better or worse than the other. Each usage is the better in the land in which it has grown up of itself. A good British writer and a good American writer will write in the same language and the same dialect; but it is well that each should keep to those

little peculiarities of established and reasonable local usage which will show on which side of the ocean he writes. It is not so with slang, on whichever side it has grown up. It is hard to define slang; but we commonly know it when we hear it. Slang, I should think, was always conscious in its origin. A word or phrase is used, not unconsciously under the natural compulsion of some good reason for its use, but consciously, indeed of set purpose, because it is thought to sound fine or clever. It presently comes to be used by crowds of people as a matter of course, without any such thought; but its origin sticks to it; it remains slang, and never becomes the true yoke-fellow of words and phrases which have grown up of themselves as they were really needed. Or again, there may be a word or phrase which is good enough in its turn with others, but which, if used constantly to the exclusion of others, seems to partake of the nature of slang. Some favorite American forms of speech seem to us in this way to savor of slang, and I believe that some favorite British forms of speech in the like sort savor of slang to an American. To take a very small example, perhaps the better because it is so very small, the word "certainly" is a very natural form of granting any request; but in England we should hardly use it except in granting a request of some little importance, or one about the granting of which there might be some little doubt; American use extends it to the very smallest civilities of the table. "I guess" I have always stood up for, as a perfectly good form, if only it is not always used to the exclusion of other forms. "I reckon" is as good English as English can be; it is only at "I calculate" that one would begin to kick; but I do not think that "I calculate" is often heard in the kind of American society to which I was used. It might however be taken as an instance of the way in which technical and special words get into common use, sometimes on one side of the ocean, sometimes on the other, and which seem odd to those who are not used to them. Let me take an Oxford story of perhaps five-and-thirty years ago. A story was told in a common-room of an American clergyman who was in the habit of getting into theological discussions with his bishop, and who was sometimes a little puzzled as to the way in which he ought to behave in such cases towards his spiritual superior. "I had a respect for his office," said the presbyter; "but I did not like to *endorse*

all that he said." A fit of laughter went round the room. Thirty-five years ago there seemed something irresistibly ludicrous in applying a commercial word like "endorse" to agreement or disagreement on a theological matter. I am quite sure that no one would laugh at it now either in America or in Britain; we all endorse, or decline to endorse, positions on all questions, theological, political, philosophical, or any other. But I doubt whether any one in England would talk of "the balance of the day," a phrase which I have heard in America, though I should doubt its being common. Purely legal phrases too seem to get more easily into common use in America than here, and I am told that the same is the case with medical phrases also. I was a good deal amazed at first to see "Real Estate," "Real Estate Office," written up as the mark of a place of business. I knew my Blackstone well enough to have no difficulty as to what was meant; but it looked to me very much as if anybody had advertised a "Jetsam and Flotsam Office." But I presently found that "real estate," "to buy real estate," were phrases in daily use both in the newspapers and in common talk. Now certainly no one in England would, if a man had bought houses or lands, say that he had bought "real estate." He would, if he did not define the particular thing bought, be more likely to veil it under the general name of "property."

In pronunciation strictly so called, I mean the utterance of particular words as distinguished from any general tone, accent, intonation, and the like, I remarked less difference between America and England than there is in the use of the words themselves. Of certain dialectic differences within the United States themselves I have already said something. When the Virginian says "doe" and "floe" for "door" and "floor," it is as truly a case of dialect in the strictest sense as the difference between the dialect of Somerset and the dialect of Yorkshire. But I noticed some prevalent differences of pronunciation in America which were in no sense dialectical, but which were clearly adopted on a principle. I fancy that something that may be called a principle has more influence on pronunciation in America than it has in England. This remark is not my own; I found it, or something to the same effect, in an American periodical. It was there remarked that in America there is a large class of people who read a great deal

without very much education, and who are apt to draw their ideas of pronunciation rather from the look of the words in the book than from any traditional way of uttering them. This will most likely account for some cases, specially for one on which I have something to say presently. But there are other cases in which the American usage, though it sounds odd to a British ear, is strictly according to the analogy of the English tongue. I heard in America "opponent" and "inquiry," and very odd they sounded. But they simply follow the English rule of throwing the accent as far back as we can, without regard to the Latin or Greek quantity. If we say "théâtre"—which, by the way, is accidentally right, according to the Greek *accent*—"auditor," "ablative," and a crowd of other words of the same kind, we may as well say "opponent" and "inquiry." The only reason against so doing is, I suppose, that they are a little hard to say, which is doubtless the reason why, while everybody says "auditor" and "senator," nobody says "spectator." But there is one word on which I wish to speak a little more at large, as a clear instance in which the schoolmaster or the printed text or some other artificial influence has brought about a distinct change in pronunciation. The word "clerk" is in England usually sounded "clark," while in America it is usually sounded "clurk." I say "usually," because I did once hear "clurk" in England—from a London shopman—and because I was told at Philadelphia that some old people there still said "clark," and—a most important fact—that those who said "clark" also said "marchant." Now it is quite certain that "clark" is the older pronunciation, the pronunciation which the first settlers must have taken with them. This is proved by the fact that the word as a surname—and it is one of the commonest of surnames—is always sounded, and most commonly written, "Clark" or "Clarke." I suspect that "Clerk" as a surname, so spelled, is distinctively "Scotch," in the modern sense of that word. Also in writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, the word itself is very often written "clark" or "clarke." But of course "clerk" was at all times the more clerically spelling, as showing the French and Latin origin of the word. It is plain therefore that the pronunciation "clurk" is not traditional, but has been brought in artificially, out of a notion of making the sound conform to the spelling. But "clurk" is no more

the true sound than "clark;" the true sound is "clairk," like French "clerc," and a Scotsman would surely sound it so. "Clark" and "clurk" are both mere approximations to the French sound, and "clark" is the older, and surely the more natural approximation. The truth is that we cannot sound "clerk" as it is spelled; that is, we cannot give the *e* before *r* the same sound which we give it when it is followed by any other consonant. We cannot sound *e* in "clerk" exactly as we sound *e* in "tent." This applies to a crowd of words, some of Teutonic, some of Latin origin, in which the spelling is *e*, but in which the sound has, just as in "clerk," fluctuated between *a* and *u*. The old people at Philadelphia who said "clark" also said "marchant." And quite rightly, for they had on their side both older English usage and, in this case, the French spelling itself. The sound "marchant" has come in, both in England and in America, by exactly the same process as that by which the sound "clurk" has come in in America, but not in England. In these cases the words are of Latin origin; so is "German," which people used to sound "Jarman"—as in the memorable story of the Oxford University preacher who wished the "Jarman theology" at the bottom of the "Jarman Ocean." But the same thing happens to a crowd of Teutonic proper names, as Derby, Berkeley, Berkshire, Bernard, Bertram, and others. In these names the original Old-English vowel is *eo*; the modern spelling and the different modern pronunciations are mere approximations, just as when the vowel is the French or Latin *e*. One has heard "Darby" and "Durby," "Barkeley" and "Burkeley;" and though the *a* sound is now deemed the more polite, yet I believe that fashion has fluctuated in this matter, as in most others. And fashion, whether fluctuating or not, is at least inconsistent; if it is polite to talk of "Barkshire" and "Darby," it is no longer polite to talk about "Jarman" and "Jarsey." But in all these cases there can be no doubt that the *a* sound is the older. The names of which I have spoken are often spelled with an *a* in old writers; and the *a* sound has for it the witness of the most familiar spelling of several of the names when used as surnames. "Darby," "Barclay," "Barnard," "Bartram," all familiar surnames, show what sound was usual when their present spelling was fixed. Tourists, I believe, talk of the "Dwrent" (as they call the Döve the "Duv"); but the

Derwent at Stamfordbridge is undoubtedly *Darwent*, while the more northern stream of the name is locally *Darwin*, a form which has become illustrious as a surname. Now in words of this kind, while British use is somewhat fluctuating, I believe that America has universally decided for the *n* sound. But there can be no doubt that, whether in England or in America, the sound of "*Durby*" or "*Burtram*" is simply an attempt to adapt the sound to the spelling, while "*Darby*" and "*Bartram*" are the genuine traditional sounds. I see another instance, not quite of the same kind, of the influence of the schoolmaster, in the name which in some parts of America is given to the last letter of the alphabet. This in New England is always *zee*; in the south it is *zed*, while Pennsylvania seems to halt between two opinions. Now *zed* is a very strange name. Has it anything to do with Greek *zeta*? or does it come from the old form *izzard*, which was not quite forgotten in my childhood, and which I was delighted to find remembered in America also? (*izzard* is said to be for "*s* hard," though surely *s* is rather *s* soft.) But anyhow *zee* is clearly a schoolmaster's device to get rid of the strange-sounding *zed*, and to make *s* follow the analogy of other letters. But the analogy is wrong. *Z* ought not to follow the analogy of *b*, *d*, *t*, but that of *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and above all of its brother *s*. If we are not to have *zed*, the name should clearly be, not *zee* but *es*. But it is a comfort that, besides *izzard*, I also found "*ampusy* and" — I hardly know how to write it — remembered beyond the ocean. I may very likely be called on to explain on this side. "*Ampussy and*," that is, in full, "*and per se, and*," is the name of the sign for the conjunction *and*, &, which used to be printed at the end of the alphabet. May I quote a riming nursery alphabet of my own childhood? The letters have all done their several services towards the apple-pie that was to be divided among them: —

Then AND came, though not one of the letters,
And, bowing, acknowledged them all as his betters;
And, hoping it might not be deemed a presumption,
Remained all their honors' most humble conjunction.

The humble "conjunction" seems to have fared yet worse than Lord Macaulay's chaplain, and to have got no apple-pie at all.

Quite distinct from the pronunciation of particular words are any general characteristics in the way of utterance which speakers of English on either side may notice in speakers of English on the other side. Americans constantly notice what they call the "English intonation," the "English accent," and I have even seen it called the "horrible English intonation." Now I am not very clear what this accent or intonation is, and the less so as I have sometimes been told that I myself have it, sometimes that I have it not, but that I speak like an American. As no man knows exactly how he himself speaks, I cannot judge which description is the truer. On the other hand we Britishers are apt to remark in Americans something which we are tempted to call by the shorter word "*twang*," a description less civil, perhaps, than "*intonation*" without an adjective, but less uncivil surely than "*horrible intonation*." As to the origin of this "*twang*" I have heard various opinions. Some trace it to a theological, some to a merely geographical cause. It has been said to be an inheritance from the Puritans as Puritans; others say that it is simply the natural utterance of East Anglia, without reference to sect or party. As an American mark, the thing to be most remarked about it is, that, though very common, it is far from universal. It would be in no way wonderful either if everybody spoke with a *twang* or if nobody spoke with a *twang*. But the facts, as far as I can see, are these. Some people have the *twang* very strongly; some have it not at all. Some, after speaking for a long time without it, will bring it in in a particular word or sentence; in others it is strongly marked when a few words are uttered suddenly, but dies off in the course of a longer conversation. And I distinctly marked that it was far more universal among women than among men. I could mention several American friends from whose speech — unless possibly in particular technical words — no one could tell to which side of the ocean they belonged, while the utterance of their wives was distinctly American. To us the kind of utterance of which I speak seems specially out of place in the mouth of a graceful and cultivated woman; but I have heard hints back again that the speech of graceful and cultivated English-women has sometimes had just the same effect on American hearers. But, on whichever side our taste lies, there can be little doubt that the American utterance, be it Puritan, East-Anglian, or any-

thing else, is no modern innovation, but has come by genuine tradition from the seventeenth century.

It is otherwise with some peculiarities which concern, not the natural utterance of words to the ear, but their artificial representation to the eye. If the school-master is a deadly foe to language, English or any other, the printer is a foe no less deadly. Half the unhistorical spellings which disfigure our printed language come from the vagaries of half-learned printers, on which side of the ocean matters very little. As for Latin words, one is sometimes tempted to say, let them spell them as they please; but it is hard when Teutonic "rime," a word which so many Romance languages have borrowed, is turned into "rhyme," merely because some printer's mind was confused between English "rime" and Greek "rhythm." So with specially American spelling-fancies. If any one chooses to spell words like "traveller" with one *l*, it looks odd, but it is really not worth disputing about. Nor is it worth disputing about "color" or "colour," "honor" or "honour," and the like. But when it comes to "armor," still more when it comes to "neighbor," one's Latin back in the former case, one's Teutonic back in the other, is put up. Did he who first wrote "armor" fancy that "armor" was a Latin word like "honor" or "color"? By all means let *armatura*, if any one chooses, be cut short into *armure*; but let us be spared such a false analogy as *armor*. "Arbor" for "arbour" brings out more strongly the delusion of those who, having a Latin tree on the brain, doffed Teutonic "harbour" of its aspirate. But the most unkindest cut of all is when Old-English "neáhgébúr," which, according to the universal rule of the language, becomes in modern English "neighbour," is also turned into "neighbor." Did anybody, even a printer or a dictionary-maker, really fancy that the last three letters of "neighbour" had anything in common with the last three letters of "honour"? It is surely hardly needful to say that Old-English *ú* is in modern English consistently represented by *ou*; "hús" becomes "house;" "súth" becomes "south;" "út" becomes "out" — and "neáhgébúr" becomes "neighbour." American printers too have some odd ways in other matters, specially as to their way of dividing words when part of a word has to be in one line and part in another. Thus "nothing" will be divided, not as "no-thing," but as "no-thing," as

if it were the patronymic of a name "Noth." Yet surely even a printer must have known that "nothing" is "no-thing" and nothing else. So again "knowledge" is divided as "knowl-edge," suggesting rather the side of a hill than the occupation or condition of one who knows. It is really quite possible that the *d* may have been thrust into "knowledge" — better written "knowlege" — from some thought of a *ledge*. Anyhow one suspects that very few people know that *ledge* in "knowledge" and "lock" in "wedlock" are one and the same ending. "Wedlock" at least is safe from being divided as "wedl-ock," because everybody thinks that it has something to do with a lock and key.

It would be easy to pile together a far longer list of differences of usage in matter of speech between England and America. But I have perhaps brought together enough to illustrate my main general positions. I have tried to show that so-called "Americanisms" are not to be at once cast aside, as many people in England are inclined to cast them aside, as if they were necessarily corruptions of the common speech, as if it proved something against a form of words to show that it is usual in America, but that it is not usual in England. Abuses of language undoubtedly arise in America, just as they do in England. It is hardly worth while trying to count up and find out in which country they are the more common. Possibly the go-ahead side of the younger English land may win for it the first place. But, if so, it is merely a difference of degree, not of kind. I fancy that "racial" is American; but "sociology" is undoubtedly British. On the other hand, the conservative side of the American character has led to the survival in America of many good English words and phrases which have gone out of use in England, and which ignorant people therefore mistake for American inventions. In other cases, again, differences of usage between the two countries are fully explained by differences of circumstances between the two countries. In some cases, again, usages which cannot be called correct, but which differ from mere abuses of language, have been brought in — in either country — through mistaken analogies or other processes of that kind. In these different ways there has come to be a certain distinction between the received British and the received American use of the common

English tongue, a distinction which commonly makes it easy to see from which side of ocean a man comes. But there is no real difference of language, not even any real difference of dialect; the speech of either side is understood without an effort by the men of the other side, and the differences are largely of a kind in which neither usage can be said to be in itself better or worse than the other. Such is the general result of what I have to say about language and about some points specially connected with language. In another article I hope to carry on the same line of argument with regard to some other matters.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Golden Hours.

SIX WEEKS IN SORRENTO AND ISCHIA—
BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE
BLACK FOREST," ETC.

NAPLES, May 14th. We had a delightful drive to Castellamare, and on to Naples by train. The driver who brought us from the station to the hotel kept continually signing to us to beware lest anything should be snatched from the carriage, and Mrs. M—— bade me hide my watch and chain, Canon M—— told me I might get my pocket picked at the first turning; and altogether I gained rather an alarming impression of Naples. But I think the driver was alarming us for his own purposes to get an extra *douceur* for his care, and Mr. and Mrs. M——'s experiences dated from twenty years ago, and now *tout cela est changé*. In these years the city has grown to almost four times its former size; the new streets are as handsome and as crowded as Cheapside, and a great deal more picturesque; the lazzaroni have disappeared, and the population is clothed instead of going naked, or nearly so. Sixteen million francs have been expended in cleansing and purifying the town, and a pleasant, fresh air circulates through its open squares and thoroughfares. The old vicos and vicoli running up from the main streets are picturesque beyond description, far more so than those in Rome, and sometimes they are almost to be compared to an Eastern bazaar. The churches are numerous and richly decorated.

The Theatre of San Carlo is the largest in Europe, with the exception of La Scala at Milan; the Chiaja and the fine Corso

Vittor Emanuele are perhaps two of the most beautiful promenades to be enjoyed anywhere, and the sight and sounds all around are charming and delightful in the extreme. Here are the Abruzzi Piffarari in their rough, sheepskin clothing, piping and dancing beneath our windows. There goes a vendor of iced water, with his stone jar on one side, and his basket of tumblers, sugar, and lemon on the other. At a street corner is a smart sherbet-stall, decorated with branches of fresh flowering broom; and beneath a quiet arcade sit a row of letter-writers, inditing epistles for their various clients. A country lass looks coy and delighted as hers is read over to her. The writer has evidently put her words into a form that pleases her. Further on two lads lean on their elbows, with anxious faces; probably they are answering some advertisement, or offering themselves for some situation. There stands a poor woman chaffering for a piece of sweet curd laid out on a leaf; there are morsels small and large, and the largest suits her appetite but not her purse. In one arm she holds a little, swaddled baby upright, with its face outwards. When it cries she lays hold of it by its feet and gives it a shake down in its bag, whereat it cries more; but we suppose this is to give its toes more room to kick in. Little open carriages fly about everywhere, the horses guided by a bright bar of brass across the nose instead of by a bit, the harness studded all over with polished nails, and surmounted on the back by a brazen figure-head of some kind of sphinx, or a flying dragon, or a flag, etc.

Wagons move slowly in between, drawn not seldom by mixed teams of horse, ass, and ox; and here come a file of donkeys, staggering beneath the heavy burdens of vegetables, wood, or charcoal with which their painted panniers are laden. Morning and evening, flocks of goats come and go through the streets, prettily tinkling their bells as they do in Switzerland; and cows are led by, with their calves, to be milked at the house doors, if required. After dark *chiffonniers* may be seen with their lanterns, carried *à terre*, wandering hither and thither, like Diogenes in the marketplace looking for an honest man, searching for odds and ends worth picking up. (Query: Why should they be so much more picturesque than our rag and bone pickers?) In the midst of the chromatic-scale cries of the various errant vendors of all sorts of wares is heard the horn of the tramway-driver, warning vehicles off

the rails, and this *mélange* of noises seems to continue the whole night through, till early dawn arrives with that strange, indescribable stillness which that hour brings with it all the world over.

A *propos* of looking for honest men, Diogenes would have had to look long amongst the Neapolitan coral and tortoise-shell sellers. There is a great trade here in these wares, and they are to be had at all prices from one franc to many hundreds, and two-thirds more than their value seems to be the rule to ask. In two instances we have got things at exactly *one-half* of what was first named, and then one felt that one had still been cheated!

The Chiaja is very prettily planted with exotic trees and shrubs of all kinds, palms, prickly pears, and pepper-trees amongst others. Vesuvius still sends up his column of smoke and steam, but does nothing more, although more seems to be very generally expected of him.

The night after our arrival we went to San Carlo to hear the opera of "Robert le Diable," which was most excellently given. The music was perfect, and the dress and scenery and getting up altogether capital. We all enjoyed it greatly. The ballet, however, would certainly never have been allowed by the lord chamberlain; the dress of the dancers is neither decent nor graceful, and would be vastly improved by a foot and a half added to the length. The theatre is magnificent, and the arrangements for entrance and exit most comfortable. Of course, we have been to the Exhibition and to the Museum. The modern pictures in the former do not nearly come up to our own Royal Academy Exhibition; but the *beaux-arts* collections, both of paintings and of china, are rich in the extreme. The Museum is most interesting, especially for the Pompeian remains: frescoes, mosaics, vases, lamps, and jewellery. One might spend days and weeks in studying them.

Sunday was a great *fête*, the festival of St. Januarius, the patron of the cathedral here. On this day and on one other in the year his blood, preserved in a small jar in the sacristy, becomes miraculously liquefied, and is in that state exhibited to the people. The churches were most of them much decorated with flowers and colored draperies, and the country people, in their picturesque dresses, flocked in to the services. In the afternoon we drove up to St. Martino. Five o'clock had struck as we reached the summit of the steep hill,

and the church had just been closed. We got permission, however, to ascend to the ramparts of the fortress of St. Elmo, from which we had a magnificent panorama over the bay to Capri and Ischia, Vesuvius, the little island of Procida, and down upon the flat roofs and tall houses of the town of Naples itself. We returned by a steep stairway, which led from the hill summit to the fine Corso Emanuele, winding above the bay, and commanding beautiful views at every turn.

On Monday we made a pilgrimage amongst the churches, and to St. Thomas Aquinas's cells and oratory. The monastery in which he was visited by many great princes and people of the land is now turned into public offices and law-courts. We entered one of the latter where a trial was going on. The prisoner, a very young man, who looked like a student, stood high upon a sort of graduated marble platform, guarded by soldiers with drawn bayonets and blank swords. I enquired what was his crime, and was told that he had assassinated some one. I did not quite make out whom, but I am afraid it was a fellow-student, in some after-dinner quarrel, so far as I could make out from what was said. When the judge had summed up, he was asked whether he had anything to say in his own defence, and after some nervous twitching of his jaws and gloved hands, he spoke with considerable fluency. When he came to a stop, the judge looked at him very severely, and in angry, indignant tones told him that "he had lied." We could not stop to see him removed; but I asked what his sentence was likely to be, and was told it would not be death. It seemed singular that the very first trial that we should happen upon in Italy should be for assassination. The judge spoke most severely of the crime, both in a moral and religious point of view. Very picturesque groups of peasants streamed up and down the stairs to the courts, and if we had had time, we should have liked to have looked into another of them. In the Church of St. Severo there is a curious and beautiful figure of the veiled Christ, recumbent, and carved in marble. As an old priest observed, it is a *cosa rara*. We made our way back to the Via Tribunale, one of the most charmingly picturesque streets I have ever seen, lined on either side with arcades of shops, containing all sorts of bright wares, fruits and vegetables of every description, church decorations,

carvers of images and vendors of fanciful sweetmeats. Here was found a little carriage with much brass studding over it, and we were quickly speeding down the Via Toledo towards home. We spent the afternoon amongst the coral-shops, much amused with some of our own bargainings. One man pointed to Mrs. M——'s medal with the pope's effigy upon it, and solemnly said, "in the name of the *Santo Padre*," he could not reduce his prices to ours; but he took two-thirds of what he asked. In another shop we offered exactly one-half, and said laughingly that it was all we had left in our purses. The people looked amused, and the woman cast quite an admiring gaze upon Mrs. M——. Her round, fair face, beaming with merriment, seemed greatly to take her fancy, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Tanto graziosa!" I need not say that we got our coral at half price, and I believe we might have made any bargain we pleased. It is quite true that one may do almost anything with Italians, if one is only good-tempered and patient.

May 16th. — Yesterday Canon M——, who had preceded us to Ischia, to see what sort of a place it was, wrote to us to join him there, so we started by the steamer at two o'clock, and reached the village of Casamicciola at five. The scenery was lovely all the way, especially when we passed the steep cliffs of the little island of Procida, with the town and fortress above. Our arrival here was a strange one. A number of boats came to the steamer's side to fetch off the passengers, and in one was a courier who had been sent down to meet us, as Mr. M—— was not well, and could not come himself. The courier handed up a card to Mrs. M——, and after a struggle we got into the right boat, which pushed off, and then pushed back for two Germans who were coming to the same hotel. They and we decided on walking up from the shore, leaving our small luggage to follow. The smart courier seemed a little surprised, and took a mule for himself, while the *cameriere* had a horse. One preceded and the other followed us, while a whole bevy of donkey-men and lads accompanied us, tormenting us to engage them, if not for to-day, for to-morrow, or the next day. Nothing would persuade them to leave us in peace; one entreated us in the name of the "Salvatore" to engage him; another told us that he was "Antonio," and that "Antonio was the man for us." Two more besought us "not to forget Giuseppe and Francesco." We grew perfectly des-

perate at last, and the courier assured them that in this way they disgusted every one who came to the island, and the *cameriere* reasoned with them, and we by turns laughed at and scolded them; but all to no purpose. They came with us to the hotel, and the last words we heard were "Remember Antonio!"

We found a very comfortable room awaiting us, large and airy, with a prettily tiled floor, in a kaleidoscope pattern of blue and buff; the windows opening upon a balcony overlooking a large garden planted with palms, magnolias, fig and lemon trees, the Neapoli or Japanese medlar, and delicious roses, hedged in by a slope covered with trellised vines. To the right through the trees a view of the bay and Vesuvius.

After dinner we wandered about the garden, watching the fireflies flitting like jewels or sparks amid the shrubs. The first thing we heard this morning was that there had been an earthquake in the night, and we knew then what had caused us to awake at one o'clock, and what had occasioned the stir in the house. There was one also a few days back, which set all the bells ringing, and which greatly alarmed the courier, his master tells us. Mr. S—— has been staying here some time with his wife and children and servants — Mrs. S—— taking the sulphur baths, which Mr. M—— is now also trying. After breakfast a Pulcinello show arrived, much to the delight of Mr. S——'s two little boys. We amused ourselves by watching them and it. Our hump-backed Punch is represented here by the masked Pulcinello, in his loose white drawers and shirt girt round the waist. Toby, the dog, seems to take no part in the play, but in true Italian style a duel is fought *à propos* of some fair lady, and Pulcinello apparently gains the day in the end. This is, I believe, the Italian idea of him. The acting and declamation, especially the latter, are superior to those of our Punch and Judy shows.

We have taken a ramble along the road through the village, and down to the shore. We had first to lodge a complaint against the donkey-men to the landlord, who gave them a good scolding for persecuting us, and so we got a little peace. The high-road is quite a good one now, but only a few years ago there was not a wheel to be seen in the island, and the first horse and cart created quite a commotion, the people assembling in crowds to see it. The hillsides are covered with terraces of trellised vines, interspersed with uncleared

tracts of sweet chestnuts and pine-trees, overtopped here and there by a silvery limestone crag. The walls of the narrow vicos glow with ferns and mosses and wild flowers of every hue, and every house and hut is a picture in itself — flat roofs, walls of pink or ochre, arcades and loggias with trellised vines, little domed buildings here and there, giving the place a Moorish sort of aspect, increased by the dark complexions of many of the people. Some of the men, with their half-bare legs and brown skins, remind me of the felahs in Egypt, and the girls coming from the wells with their earthen water jars poised upon their heads look Egyptian too. The head-dress of the women is very picturesque and becoming — a handkerchief of some bright color, orange, scarlet, green, or blue, folded cornerwise over the head, one end hanging down the back, the other two crossed behind, and brought up to be tied in a large bow at the top. Sometimes the point at the back is caught lightly up, and tucked in on one side, which is prettier still.

The chief occupation of these islanders consists in vine-culture and fishing. The women employ their spare time in spinning. The island is but five miles by three in extent, but it contains a population of five-and-twenty thousand. All seem industrious, and the ground is well utilized. Little patches of Indian corn, bamboos, and vegetables are cultivated on spare plots between the vineyards. The *vin ordinaire* is a very pleasant, full-flavored, light wine, the color of golden sherry, which I very much prefer to the claret species one otherwise gets.

The hotels seem to provision themselves from Naples, and are very comfortable and well-ordered, the worst thing in them being the beds, and they are dreadful. On a groundwork of hard boards is laid a sacking, filled with the hard dry leaves of the Indian corn, and over that a wool mattress, as hard and unyielding as iron. We have had this laid below, and the other above, thinking that the softer of the two. But how I do long for a good spring-mattress! We hear that there is to be a grand *fête* to-morrow at Lacco, a fishing village, about a mile and a half from Casamicciola. It is in honor of Saint Restituta, the patron of fishermen, whether in general, or only of this island, I can't say, but I should imagine her to be a local saint. Mrs. M—— says she never heard of her before. A woman told us quite earnestly this morning that Saint Restituta had brought some rough

weather to-day for the sake of the fishermen, that they might get some good fish!

May 18th. — We spent nearly all yesterday at Lacco, going down in the morning, and again in the afternoon, to remain till ten o'clock to see the illuminations and fireworks. The latter, however, began only as we came away. The whole village and mountain-side was lighted up with lines of tiny oil lamps, sheltered ingeniously from the wind by white and colored paper shades. Festoons of these formed triumphal arches and arcades across the market-place, and over and around the church porch. A little rocky islet in the bay was encircled with light, and a number of little barks hovered about, some of which were hung with colored lanterns. Each mountain peak showed a crown of light, as if it were studded with fireflies. The whole effect was very pretty and fairy-like.

We reached the village in the morning in time for the choral mass, given with a full orchestra. We were astonished at the good music and singing, and at the quiet, orderly, and devout congregation — such a contrast to Sorrento. It consisted chiefly of women, and their bright head-dresses and petticoats made a brilliant mass of color almost indescribable. The harmony was wonderful, when one considered the individual mixtures. Here a girl with an orange skirt and a scarlet kerchief; there another with a plum-colored jacket, trimmed with pea-green braid and a green apron; a woman in a sky-blue dress and a crimson and yellow head-piece, and so on. The men seemed all to have got new fezzes for the occasion, scarlet or brown, with a broad red border — some of them must have been nearly half a yard long.

The church itself was decorated in every part, the whole roof and walls, pulpit, and altar, as well as Saint Restituta's shrine, were covered — not an inch of the original whitewash to be seen anywhere. The artistic arrangement was perfect, and all the designs in good taste, although not to be called ecclesiastical; indeed, the whole looked more like a very prettily got up little theatre, or the boudoir of some grand ballroom. But the ingenuity with which the most simple materials had been turned to effective account was what most of all pleased us. The groundwork was white tissue paper, or coarse white muslin, and on this was disposed tinsel, red, blue, and yellow, intermingled with folds and draperies of colored muslin, chiefly orange and crimson. Even the

rose in the centre of the ceiling was done in puffs and flutes of this. On one side of the high altar stood Saint Restituta resplendent with jewels and ornaments, branches of coral, chains and rings, beneath a gorgeous canopy. To her all eyes were turned; and when the first grand burst of music came with the commencement of the Gloria in Excelsis, some of the poor women just behind us sobbed aloud, and we could hear them crying, "Oh! Restituta mia! Restituta mia!" A wail which sounded to me as if their hearts were saying, "You have not stood by me." Probably they were mourning some husband or son lost at sea. Others prayed very hard and earnestly to her, as if hoping against hope for the return of one long unheard of, and then they would sit down with eyes red and heavy with weeping. A little brown-eyed lad of about six brought to the priest, just before the commencement of the afternoon vespers, a packet of long wax tapers, tied round with a crimson ribbon, to which a ring was attached. It was evidently a votive offering to the shrine of the saint from his mother. The priest hung the handsome ring upon a coral branch, and gave the little fellow the relic of the saint to kiss. It was a pretty sight, but a sad one, and I prayed in my heart that these people might be taught of the Holy Spirit no longer to offer their substance to idols, or to put their faith in the dead, but to place their trust in the living God, to ask the Saviour to give them that help and comfort which they look for in vain from their imaginary saint, Restituta. Some of the women seem to possess a large amount of jewellery, good, but of a very quaint description. Huge gold earrings, of Genoese work, in the form of ships or boats, hanging down quite to their shoulders, quantities of rings, perhaps brought by sailor relatives from distant lands, and heavy gold chains, which must have come down as heirlooms in their families, from time immemorial.

Towards the end of the mass some of the men, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, clapped the singers, and called out "bravo." This demonstration was, however, quenched in a moment, and was not repeated. Outside the church, before and after the service, we found ourselves in the midst of a curious motley scene. Jugglers, tumblers, actors, and orators stood up upon casks, beating drums and tambourines, and inviting the crowds to enter their booths and witness

their respective performances. Over charcoal embers women were busily frying little fish or vegetables in batter; iced water was cried about, a glass for five centesimi, with a few drops of anisetto in it to take off the chill. Stalls of gingerbread displayed wonderful devices, including St. Peter's keys and flaming hearts. Under a tent coffee was to be had, and opposite to it a temporary wine-shop had been erected. Of course Pulcinello did not fail. He always secured an audience, and this time the gallows appeared upon the scene, which perhaps was omitted the other day out of respect to the children.

The great event of the evening was the procession of the saint, accompanied by clergy and choir-boys, and a great confraternity of the villagers dressed in white cassocks with sky-blue copes—all carrying lighted tapers. The boys were dressed in muslin and tinsel, like the church, and sang sweetly as they went,—

Jesu's heart all burning
With fervent love for thee.

Three tiny maidens followed dressed in white muslin, with wreaths on their heads, flowers in their hands, and chains and jewellery all over them. They held the streamers of a large banner, and were led by sailor brothers. There was almost a fight on the altar steps between the young men for the honor of carrying the saint. It was ended by the priest turning one young fellow out of the church. This was the only bit of bad behavior we witnessed from beginning to end of the festival. All the people were most civil and pleasant towards us, giving up to us the best places, asking whether we were pleased with the *fête*, and anxious that we should understand and appreciate it.

The procession had a long round to make. The priest gave the benediction with the relic to all the houses in the village and the scattered dwellings about it. It was nearly nine o'clock before it returned to the church, which was now brilliantly lighted up with chandeliers and tapers, about as pretty a sight as anything could be. The people crowded in for the final ceremony of the "benediction with the blessed Sacrament." We only looked in at the door, and then turned to see the effect of the illuminated village and mountain sides and peaks. It was a scene not easily to be forgotten. In the distance Vesuvius reared his two peaks, a column of white steam ascending from the one, the other half lost in haze. In the fore-

ground rose a jagged, steep promontory of the island of Ischia itself, and just beyond jutted out a long spur of little Procida, with its white castle surmounting it.

In the market-place was a general buzz of talk and movement amongst the crowd, eagerly awaiting the promised fireworks. We were obliged to leave just before they began, glad to find donkeys and donkeymen ready and willing to carry us up the hillside to Casamicciola. Indeed, they fought for the honor (or the money!), and I was reminded of the same sort of scene in former years at Cairo.

We are told that the great earrings I have described are of Greek origin, and are worn only by the married women. Short petticoats and wooden sandals used to complete their costume. The latter one still sees.

From Temple Bar.

THE LAST OF THE GEORGES.

A WELL-KNOWN epigram praises Heaven that with the death of George IV. the Georges ended, and it may give a moment's surprise to some to read that there was a George V., the best, the ablest, the unhappiest, the most interesting in mind and fortune of all the Georges. The fifth George inherited, indeed, only one of the crowns that were worn by the other four — their original ancestral crown of Hanover, which could not, like that of England, be assumed by a woman, and consequently passed, on the death of William IV., in 1837, to his brother Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. When the latter died he was succeeded by his only son George, who was to be the last king of Hanover and the last of the Georges. Of this monarch personally the world has hitherto known little, but we are now enabled to make his better acquaintance by a book of memoirs on contemporary history, which has been recently published in Germany by Oscar Meding, who occupied peculiarly close relations with him during the last twenty years of his life. Meding's official position in the Hanoverian service was never higher than that of a clerk in the Office of the Interior, but he saw more of King George, and enjoyed a larger share of his confidence, than the ministers of the crown, of whom, indeed, the king, from his blindness, was curiously jealous; and after the annexation of Hanover, when the dethroned

monarch settled in Paris for the work of intrigue and conspiracy, Meding seems to have been to him eyes and hands, and all in all. His memorials naturally contain much important information about the various causes and influences that conducted to the remarkable catastrophe of 1866, but there is nothing in them more interesting than the figure and personality of the king himself.

Born in Berlin in 1819, three days after Queen Victoria, George V. was in his boyhood taught to look on himself as a possible rival to her for the English throne, there having been some talk at that time — Meding goes too far in representing it as a strong movement — among the Tories for introducing a Salic law to exclude the Princess Victoria from the succession. Meding says the recollection of this rivalry disturbed the cordiality between the courts of England and Hanover ever after, though their relations continued friendly in form. However this may be, difficulties certainly arose now and again out of the peculiar situation of the two royal families as branches of the same house. A constant source of bitterness at Hanover was the persistent refusal of Queen Victoria to permit any of her subjects to accept the Hanoverian order of Guelph. This order had been founded by one of the Georges, and while the crowns were united, had been habitually conferred on English subjects and worn by them, but on the separation of the crowns, it came under the same rules as other foreign orders, and these were not allowed to be accepted by English subjects except in a few specified and exceptional cases. Ernest Augustus and George V. both conferred the order repeatedly on Englishmen, but its acceptance was never permitted. This always gave high offence at Hanover. It was taken to spring from jealousy of the male line of Guelph, and to indicate disrespect to the head of the house. If so, the latter had his own peculiar opportunities for reprisal as head of the Guelphic house of Brunswick, of which the English royal family was now a subordinate branch. His consent was required to the marriages of the English princesses, and sometimes that consent was withheld after the marriage was recognized by all other members of the house. This occurred in the case of the marriage of the princess Mary Adelaide with the Duke of Teck. George V. refused to regard it otherwise than as a morganatic one, because, while the duke's father was of royal blood, his mother be-

longed only to the lesser nobility, and he could not, therefore, in the king's opinion, be treated as being of equal birth with the princess Mary.

Immediately after their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Teck visited him in person at Vienna (where he then was) in order to procure his assent; but though he received them with the utmost kindness, he still adhered to his refusal, and at table, while the princess was set at his right, the Duke of Teck took place according to his rank, and officially was not treated as a relative of the family. But King George valued nothing so much as his family. Pride is too weak a word to express his feeling for it. It was worship. The Guelphs had a providential rôle, a divine mission: they were a sacred, a chosen house, and it was less humiliation than sacrifice to give admission to inferior blood. He would rather be head of the house of Guelph than king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith; and at the very moment when he refused to acknowledge the Duke of Teck as a full relative, he was already nothing more; the kingdom had departed, and forever, and even his vast private property was forced to be confiscated on account of his continued attitude of irconciliability.

In reading Meding's sketches, we cannot escape a curious impression that from first to last a mysterious fatality always hung upon King George. Accident seems to play weightier parts and carry graver issues than in most other careers; opportunities come and tempt and are let slip, nobody can well say how; without wrong intention, without even any conspicuous error of judgment on the data that presented themselves, the wrong turn is always sure to be taken. The divinity that does *not* hedge kings seems ever lurking hard by, and weaving threads of ill omen that eventually converged in the remarkable catastrophe of 1866.

Nothing exercised a more peculiar and important influence on the character of George V., and through his character on his history, than his blindness, and his blindness was the result of three consecutive misfortunes. He perhaps had a constitutional tendency to it, for his father was blind of one eye, but, at any rate, he first lost the sight of the left eye in a disease of childhood, and then, in 1833, when he was fourteen, he seriously injured the other by an accident while at play with the present Duke of Cambridge in the garden of Windsor Castle. He was amus-

ing himself by throwing a long silk purse with heavy gold tassels up into the air and catching it as it fell, and was warned to be careful of his eye, as the purse had already nearly struck his face; but the very next throw, it fell upon the right eye and impaired its vision permanently, though without as yet taking it altogether away. That was left for another accident in 1840.

The elder Gräfe, the celebrated Berlin oculist, was brought to the Palace of Herrenhausen to perform an operation upon the injured organ, and by some fatal shake of the hand accidentally cut through the optic nerve. The surgeon, driven to despair by what he had done, took refuge in suicide immediately on his return from Hanover. The crown prince remained henceforth in impenetrable darkness. He bore this calamity like a brave man and a philosopher. He never complained of it. He was full of that cheerful, if subdued repose which so often surprises us, and charms us, and reproves us, in the blind. He even took that light estimate of his affliction which sometimes surprises us even more. He used to say that eyesight was the sense we could most easily dispense with; and that is so far true. Blindness, though a much more impressive, is a much less severe, calamity than deafness, for example. It secludes the sufferer less from the enjoyment of society, it unfits him less for its business; and by virtue of its impressiveness it engages instant sympathy and help, while the other attracts too often little but ridicule. The deaf are less dependent, at least less obviously dependent on others than the blind; but their independence means isolation, whereas the dependence of the blind gives them often new limbs, new powers, new organs, both by the fresh faculties it develops in themselves, and the use it enables them to command of the ready assistance of others. Had Mr. Fawcett been deaf he would never have become postmaster-general, and it is questionable whether in such a case Prescott would have kept up sufficient interest to write his histories.

In his father's lifetime George was always treated as if he saw. Everybody was obliged to speak of him and to him as if he had no defect, and though he never exhibited this sensitiveness himself, he still — from habit probably — often used the expression, "I see." He always said, "I am glad to see you." But while he was still crown prince, there was a party in Hanover who thought this defect le-

gally disqualified him from the succession, and there was some dissatisfaction on the subject down even to the last year of his reign. In that year one of the leading newspapers of Berlin published in its Hanoverian correspondence an account of a religious ceremony that took place in connection with some family event in the palace, and mentioned that a sermon was preached from a certain text. On referring to this text, it was found to be, "Woe to the country whose king is blind." The paragraph was of course a mystification. No such sermon had been delivered, but the king was much hurt when it was discovered that the writer of the paragraph was a high official of his own treasury. This official immediately took to flight, and the king, with a truly royal magnanimity, supported the forsaken wife and children from his own private purse. But as to the prejudice against a blind king, the history of George V. shows both where it is wrong and where it is right. It is entirely wrong in considering blindness a necessary intellectual disqualification for government. On the contrary, this defect perhaps leaves to the mind more disposition and more leisure to reflect upon important affairs; and King George, at any rate, had a better and more enlightened grasp of public questions than any of his chief ministers. But his blindness exercised a curious and sinister effect on his relations with his counsellors. It made him excessively jealous of his monarchical prerogative, and even when he had the highest personal regard and affection for his ministers, he was morbidly suspicious of their making encroachments, and consequently never gave them his entire confidence. For the same reason he never had any minister of great ability. Meding accounts for this by saying that Hanover was a small country, whose kings had always been resident abroad, and that its bureaucracy having accordingly got into humdrum ways, were not the stuff statesmen are made of. But in that case, if King George wanted a man of ability he might have gone beyond his own borders for him, as the king of Prussia did for Stein, as the emperor of Austria did for Beust. But the abler the minister the more suspicious and uneasy would George become, and he paid heavily in the end for the inferiority of his advisers.

Before leaving the subject of his blindness, it may be added that in spite of that defect he was an excellent and even daring rider. Of course he could not take

the right directions or turnings without assistance, but in some respects he had quite a wonderful sense for locality. "I remember," says Meding, "being one day with him on a hill at Goslar and ascending a watch-tower; he stood with his face to the north, and then explained the whole prospect round the horizon, naming every place and every hill without making a single mistake."

Meding's narrative begins with the year 1859, when he first came to Hanover to be assessor at the Landrostei (the office of local government for the metropolitan province). He was brought into personal relations with the king almost immediately after his arrival, inasmuch as from his literary qualifications he was selected to organize a press bureau for Hanover, to secure for the government an extensive connection with journals, to employ an efficient staff of leader-writers and correspondents, and in every possible way to get the views of Hanover represented far and wide in the German press. This was an enterprise in which the king took much more interest than his ministers. He had been brought up in England and knew something of the power of public opinion, which the official mind in Hanover was far above noticing. He gave directions to Meding every day in person, he even wrote leaders, and, more remarkable still, for one of his leaders the publisher of the newspaper in which it appeared was prosecuted before a Hanoverian court and his plant arrested by the Hanoverian police, though the proceedings were immediately quashed when Meding gave the minister of justice a hint as to how the land really lay. It was found incredibly easy to secure the German press. In Hanover this was done by means of a distribution of government printing jobs—a cheap defence of monarchies—though even this moderate *douceur* was often unnecessary, many of the country papers being only too glad to insert articles that wore the appearance of being original, whether they came from the government bureau or anywhere else. They had previously been in the habit of simply copying the leaders of the Liberal journals, from their want of ability to write leaders of their own. The German press outside of Hanover was reached by more ingenious devices: they were approached, not through the editors but through the correspondents—the Berlin newspapers through their correspondents in Vienna or Frankfurt, and the Vienna newspapers through their correspondents

in Berlin or Dresden. Meding describes this class of persons, who collect information in the government and newspaper offices during the day and despatch it in the evening in the form of letters to the various journals they serve, and he says he found no difficulty in making an arrangement with them by which they agreed to write their daily letters according to his instructions. In this way he was able to make his voice heard through some of even the principal journals in Germany, and to get the Hanoverian view of a question simultaneously asserted in the most diverse quarters, without stirring the smallest suspicion of collusion. The glimpses of German journalism we receive in these volumes are sadly unfavorable, but both in regard to incompetence and to corruption, they are confirmed by all we learn from other sources.

King George was very fond of sea-bathing and yachting, and for these purposes resided on the island of Norderney for some months every year. Here all ceremony was cast aside, and the life of the court was the happiest and freest. The island belonged to Hanover, but the king wished it to have the neutral character of an international bathing resort, and always maintained the incognito while he resided there. He wore only the plain black clothes of a citizen, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and he had every day a little dinner to which the visitors on the island were invited without any strict regard being paid to their competency to appear at court. These little entertainments, where princes and clergy and players met on easy footing, were thoroughly enjoyed by the king, and made most agreeable to all who were present. An invitation to a trip on the royal yacht was however one of the terrors of Norderney for many. The king never suffered from seasickness, but he was often the only one on board except the crew who enjoyed this immunity. Herr von Manteuffel, brother of the Prussian minister of that name, frequently implored permission to remain ashore, but the king always withheld it with a laugh, enjoying the misery of the poor man, who was already ill by anticipation. The queen rarely accompanied him to Norderney. The tenderest affection reigned between them; he always called her, even before large companies, "my angel-queen;" but she was very much of a recluse, and her ways were solitary and peculiar. Much misfortune might have been spared the family had she been fonder of society,

and especially had she cultivated, as in that case she would almost certainly have done, friendly relations with the neighboring and connected family of Prussia. The only instance of intercourse between the two families that is recorded in the present volumes, is a brief meeting between the king of Hanover and the present emperor of Germany, then prince regent of Prussia. The circumstances of this meeting show the remarkable energy and initiative of which the blind monarch was capable. Napoleon III. had arranged an interview with the prince regent to exchange views about the German question, and no doubt other matters more closely at that time affecting the French emperor's personal position. This interview caused considerable anxiety to the king of Hanover, who feared it would be misconstrued into an indication of a desire on the part of Prussia to separate itself from its understanding with the other German powers, and be used by the Prussian party in Germany to forward its own views of the situation at home. And there was no time to be lost, for Napoleon's proposal was made in the beginning of June, 1860, and on the 15th of the same month the interview was to take place at Baden-Baden. After praying earnestly, as was his custom, for light on the course he should pursue, the king resolved on the evening of the 12th of June to go at once in person to Berlin, and suggest to the prince regent that the other German princes should accompany him on the occasion of his meeting with Napoleon. Taking the midnight train and telegraphing to his ambassador to have a carriage awaiting him at the Berlin station, he changed his dress in the railway carriage for the uniform of the Prussian regiment of Hussars of which he was colonel, and the star and ribbon of the Prussian order of the Black Eagle, and immediately on arriving at Berlin drove to the royal palace. It was not yet seven o'clock, and the prince regent was not a little astonished when his servant came to his bedroom and announced that the king of Hanover had arrived at the palace. He hastened down to the room where the king awaited him, and after embracing and kissing one another, the latter immediately began: "You are to meet Napoleon in Baden? That will not do; it will be misinterpreted. I have come to tell you my view. You must not go alone. I will go with you; the others must come also. Then all misconception will be prevented, and you will meet Napoleon

more worthily, surrounded by the German princes." The prince thanked the king warmly for his visit, entered heartily into his proposal, and the result was that on the 15th he was accompanied by the rest of the German princes at his interview with the French emperor. The king stayed to dinner, returned to Hanover in the evening, and set out for Baden on the day after.

At Baden-Baden King George lived in the English Hotel, and on the morning following the interview, as he came from his chamber on the arm of his servant Mahlmann, a stranger was sitting in the salon. Mahlmann, who did not know him, and took him to be one of the occupants of the house, asked him angrily what brought him there, for that was the king of Hanover's room. The stranger advanced, and the king at once recognized the voice. It was Napoleon, who had come in plain dress and without attendant, and had requested that no ceremonious announcement of his visit should be made to the king. He produced the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and decorated King George with it, which was to the latter a source of embarrassment, as he had up till then entertained a prejudice against Napoleon, and was the only one of the German sovereigns who had not given him an order. The emperor remained long with the king, and repeated his visit again and again while in Baden, and completely overcame the prejudice of the latter by his charming manner, and the high reverence he professed for legitimism. His great idea was that the empire was the only form of government that could possibly represent the legitimist standpoint permanently in France. Count Chambord had no heir, and the Orleanist family were anti-legitimist, and it was the first empire that had really stemmed the Revolution. King George was thoroughly converted into an ardent admirer of the emperor, and telegraphed to Hanover for a courier to come on at once with the insignia of the order of George to bestow upon his new friend.

The king's relations with Napoleon did not end here. One of the most curious documents in Meding's volumes is a proposal for arrangement with the Count Chambord, which was undoubtedly drawn up by Napoleon at the beginning of the Italian war, and which was sent in a very indirect and informal way to the court of Hanover. Count Walewski gave it to a French teacher in Hanover, who was tutoring the crown prince; he gave it to

Meding, and Meding laid it before the king, whom it was meant to reach, and for whose good offices it was a feeler. The proposal was that Count Chambord should recognize Napoleon, not as his *successeur légitime*, which was of course impossible, but as *continuateur reconnu de sa dynastie*, and so exclude the pretensions of the house of Orleans. In return for this, the emperor, on his part, should secure to the count all the French possessions of his family, the title of *Majesté royale*, and a residence in any French town except Paris; and should, besides, maintain by arms the Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Naples, and use his influence to maintain them on that of Parma. The king of Hanover entered so far into the scheme that negotiations were actually begun. But delays arose — the Italian question would not wait, and Napoleon, who had kept his ships off Naples ready for either course, according to the result of these negotiations, finally struck in in favor of Piedmont and Garibaldi. His Italian campaign — his war for an idea, for which he has received so much mistaken praise, is thus seen to be only one of the selfish shifts of a selfish and shifty life.

One of the oddest pictures in the book is the pilgrimage of King George and the royal family to Goslar to undergo the so-called "nature-cure" of "Dr." Lampe. This Lampe was the ideal of the harmless and successful quack. He had been a shoemaker in the peaceful village to which he now attracted such illustrious people, and he professed to have discovered his panacea in certain ancient books and manuscripts which had long lain there in the dust. His treatment consisted of two parts — outwardly of periodical rubbings; and inwardly of the use of juices expressed from some herbs of the Hartz, mixed by Lampe himself on a system known to no one else, and adapted with special modifications to every particular case that came before him. He had been frequently punished for quackery, but his punishments made his fortune. They advertised him in a way nothing else could, and drew patients from far and near. Among others who visited him was the Archduchess Constantine of Russia, the sister of the queen of Hanover, and she experienced so much benefit that she induced the queen to give the new cure a trial. The king had always been a homœopathist, but he now sent Lampe a formal license to practise his method of treatment, bestowed on him the title of cure-

director, and went to Goslar to put himself personally under the cure-director's hands. Lampe was at this time about sixty years old—a long, haggard figure, with wild, weather-beaten features, and eager, sharp, and knowing eyes. He wore a Polish tunic, like that of which German students are still so fond, made of velvet, and elaborately braided all over; and as Lampe must now have some special dress to appear at court with, corresponding to the novel dignity of cure-director, the king determined that this Polish tunic should be his uniform. The queen presented him with a fine carriage and two splendid greys, and Lampe in his gay coat drove up in great state every morning to the Frankenberg cloister, where the king resided, to ascertain the condition of his royal patients, and brew the appropriate mixture for the next day. It was only to kings that Lampe condescended to pay a personal visit, for he too was a king, and exercised the most despotic authority both over the inhabitants of the village of Goslar, and the patients who now flocked to him. He assigned to the latter the lodgings where they must live, and if they complained or went elsewhere, he peremptorily refused them all medical treatment; and in the same way, if a villager did not do as he bade, he received no more lodgers, and lost the income he derived from them.

Ordinary patients had to come every morning and in all weathers to the "cure-garden," where Lampe sat in a little booth and received them one by one. His examination and consultation were conducted in the most rigorous silence; he judged their condition by sight alone, and no one was permitted to utter a word, to make a complaint or explanation, or to put a single question; a code of simple signs had been established, by which the little information the mysterious physician desired to learn as to the effects of his treatment could be conveyed in solemn silence by holding up finger or thumb, or fist, in various combinations. The old shoemaker must have had a sense of humor; some of his prescriptions seem so exquisitely absurd that he could hardly have given them without a laugh in his sleeve. Meding called one morning on Professor Pernice of Gottingen, who held a high legal position at the court of Hanover, and found him in his room, standing on one leg and drinking a brown decoction of herbs. He had come to Goslar to be cured of extreme corpulency, and Lampe ordered him to stand on one leg for an

hour every morning while he sipped the mixture. On the whole, perhaps the absurdity that mingled with the entire system may have conspired not unessentially with the change of diet and habit to any cures that were made by it.

From the "cure-garden" of Goslar to the assembly of princes at Frankfort—the most pompous gathering of recent times—is a long step, but unfortunately it does not carry us clear of the ridiculous. Meding accompanied King George to that glittering fiasco, and gives us vivid descriptions of all its state and circumstance; the splendid horses and equipages of the sovereigns, their civil and military retinue, the lesser glories of the ambassadors, the countless lackeys in all the colors of the rainbow, thronging the corridors of the hotels and illuminating the dulness of the streets. Into the politics of this remarkable assembly we shall not enter. The king of Prussia simply stayed away, and that brought the whole array to nought. Meding dwells with much unction on the daily dinners—the "*table d'hôte* of kings"—which culminated in the great banquet at the Roman Hall where the old emperors used to be crowned, and where now in memory of these ancient times, when the coronation oxen were roasted whole at the public market-place, a *quartier de bœuf historique* was placed in the *menu*. When the elector of Hesse rose from the table, he said in a dry, sarcastic way he had, "Well, we have done our part, and now for the rush to our doctors." The joke was greatly relished, but it seems now almost sad to think how soon he and others of the sovereigns there present were to find the results of that diet of princes much more difficult to digest than they had then the least suspicion of.

King George was very liberal with money in big sums, but had, remarkably enough, a very high idea of its value in little amounts. Fräulein Schubert, a well-known operatic singer of the time, had pleased him much by her performances, and learning that she had suffered what for her was a serious loss, he asked her one day how much it was, and she said nineteen hundred thalers—some £300. He promised to make it up to her, but added that he had not so much over at present, but would make a point of paying her in due time. His habit was to lay out once a month a definite sum for his personal expenditure, and he took a very strict account of the disbursement of this monthly budget. A hundred thalers

spent from this personal fund seemed to him much more than half a million spent in the general administration of the court. But he did not forget Fräulein Schubert. He took a hundred thalers a month from this source, and laid them by for her regularly in a special box. In the course of nineteen months he had accumulated enough to make good her loss, and caused it to be sent to Fräulein Schubert, who had probably by that time given up expecting it.

Meding, of course, narrates very minutely all the negotiations and preliminary movements of the fatal year 1866, and the impression his narrative leaves upon us is that Hanover suffered its judgment to be paralyzed by a fear of Prussia, and drifted uncertainly from step to step till it found itself in actual combat with that power before it could draw breath, and swallowed by her entirely before it could draw another. Prussia was from its situation a sort of natural, though not declared, enemy of Hanover. Hanover stood between one part of Prussia and another, and, what was worse, between Prussia and the seacoast. Little difficulties were always arising, and annexation was long talked of. King George was in a dilemma. He shrank from siding with Austria, because that would provoke the future vengeance of Prussia; and he hesitated to side with Prussia, or even to give the pledge of neutrality which Prussia desired, because that would only help his natural enemy to become great. In whatever direction he turned, Prussia was still the peril, and he ran into it from his very circumspection to avoid it. He left Hanover with no intention of fighting against Prussia; he awoke one morning and found himself at war with her; in a few weeks he was a dethroned king, and he never saw his country again.

Some current mistakes are disproved by facts mentioned by Meding. The annexation of Hanover is often ascribed to the king's obstinate and inflexible adherence to his hereditary rights; but it appears that he was quite ready to make concessions of territory, and actually wrote King William, addressing him "Dear William," and begging for an arrangement on some such basis. But Bismarck had made his mind up for annexation; it was there the inflexibility lay; and the letter was never answered. Then it is commonly said that once the annexation was settled, King George ought to have bowed to the inevitable, and saved at least the family property by

submission to King William. But, as Meding shows, his restoration was at that time far from being so hopeless as it now seems, and the secret organizations of the blind king were not the least formidable of the enemies that then threatened Prussia. It is noteworthy, too, that strongly legitimist as King George had always been, he based this new struggle not on divine right, but on the democratic principle of popular choice. The people of Hanover had the right to choose their own ruler, and every member of the community had a right to participate in the choice. His idea now was a monarchy founded on a plebiscite, and his right was the grace of God coupled with the affections of his people. Adversity usually petrifies the views of pretenders and emigrants into an impracticable rigidity; it expanded those of King George, and this adaptability is a quality he is not commonly credited with.

The last sight we get of the king in these volumes is at the Duke of Brunswick's villa at Hietzing near Vienna, which the duke placed at his disposal in 1866, and in which he lived for several years after that fatal crisis. This villa was furnished in a peculiar style: the chief salon was decorated after Chinese taste; the walls were covered with Chinese tapestry; round the roof hung rows of Chinese bells, which the slightest breath of wind made to tingle; on the floor lay a Chinese straw mat; motley Chinese lanterns hung from the ceiling, and Chinese porcelain figures, as large as life, stood here and there in the room. The smoking-room was furnished like a Turkish salon, and the room which the king occupied was ornamented in Scottish fashion: the heavy, richly-gilt chairs and tables were covered with silk of Scotch tartan; the walls were decked with Scotch weapons and tartan plaids, and the paintings represented picturesque scenes from Sir Walter Scott's novels. Meding says that in this room, where he passed so much of his time with the king transacting the secret work of conspiracy, he never could escape a strangely uneasy and mysterious feeling; the Stuarts came always to the recollection, and overshadowed the work with evil omen. The suggestion was natural, and its premonition has so far come true. The great events of 1870 drove the Guelphic claim to Hanover out of the sphere of practical politics, and it is already as much a tradition of the past as the Jacobite cause. King George died in 1878, and his son, the present Duke of

Cumberland, may find it easier—he would certainly find it wiser—to accept the situation, and accepting the situation means merely giving up a hopeless dream, and getting instead the Duchy of Brunswick, to the throne of which he is legal heir, besides the old property of the family in Hanover, amounting to some two millions sterling.

From The Spectator.

WHAT MAKES LITERATURE POPULAR?

MESSRS. LONGMAN'S spirited attempt to issue a magazine for sixpence which may fairly compete with, and, if possible, excel in intrinsic worth as well as popularity, magazines of double the price, brings strongly before us the secret of genuine literary popularity with the great majority of readers, — a point on which it is by no means easy for any critic to decide, unless he suppresses for the moment all reference to his own individual taste, and considers calmly the class of books which win from the reading public the most signal signs of favor. Messrs. Longman, we see, regard Mr. James Payn as the novelist to whom they would most naturally turn when looking for great popular favor, while they ask the brilliant author of "Vice Versâ" to lend them the supplementary aid of his talents. They justly consider Professor Tyndall one of the most popular writers on physical science, while they ask Professor Owen, — a somewhat eccentric choice, — to give them his judgment on the present state of the controversy as to the origin of species. They go to Mr. Howells, the clever American novelist, for his sketch of a New England village; ask the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," for verse; publish "A Gossip on Romance" from that lively essayist, Mr. R. L. Stevenson; and put before us some of the observations made by Mr. Freeman during his recent tour in the United States on those American usages of speech and practice which struck him most. This is not a bad sixpennyworth, and as regards some of the authors chosen we could not offer a suggestion likely to have improved the popularity of this first number. But there are clearly one or two omissions, while one or two of the authors whose papers are here published, seem to have been selected rather for the purpose of stamping the magazine with a reputation for care and learning, than for the purpose of

eliciting a large demand. Had we to draw up the list best adapted simply to command a large sale, we should have left Mr. James Payn and Professor Tyndall where they are, secured from Mr. Edwin Arnold, — the author of "The Light of Asia," *not* the author of "The Sick King of Bokhara," and "Tristram and Iseult," a poem on Egypt; extracted from Dr. Farrar an essay on the meaning of the Apocalypse; obtained a criticism of England (instead of his sketch of New England) from Mr. Howells, or failing Mr. Howells, from Mr. Henry James; asked Mr. Froude for an estimate of the imaginative power and weakness of Carlyle; Mr. John Morley for a paper on the capacities and incapacities of English journalism; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, for an article on the sins of Mr. Gladstone's government, — and Professor Bryce, for one on its merits; while the whole might close with a paper from Mr. Ruskin on the art and poetry of Rossetti. Messrs. Longman would say, if they criticised our suggestion, that it violates their first rule, not to meddle either with religion or with politics. Well, that is just the rule which seems to us to destroy their best chance of popularity, for it is the most distinctive note of modern feeling that there shall be no subject of supreme popular interest excluded from the survey of our popular literature; and though it may be wise to admit contributions to that survey from all sides, it is foolish and unmeaning to exclude such subjects artificially from any journal which professes to appeal to the imagination and to minister to the intellectual life of man. If Messrs. Longman's magazine fails to secure the popularity which it would otherwise deserve, it will be through this obsolete reluctance to meddle with subjects on which men are fiercely at issue with each other.

It will be observed that in our suggestions for a popular programme, we have included some writers who have a first-rate reputation with the most fastidious critics, and some who have not, but only a first-rate power of securing readers. It is in fact to some extent a matter of accident, whether a man of first-rate powers will or will not choose subjects on which he can hope to interest the great mass of readers, or whether or not a man who has the happy art of interesting a great number of readers will or will not have the power to deal with great subjects in a vivid and adequate way. The result is that some really great writers are thoroughly popular, and that some extraordi-

narly popular writers are not by any means great, and that a magazine which needs in the first place to be read, if only that it may gain the ear of the public, ought, at least at the outset, to secure the aid of both classes of writers. Now, what is it that constitutes the popular element in style, as distinguished from real power to treat the subject in hand with lucidity and force? We are inclined to think that it is the power of producing a rapidly-moving series of vivid and novel impressions, clear in detail, which seem to illuminate a subject without always really doing so. We have intimated, for instance, that Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," a poem on Buddhism which has now reached its ninth edition, would probably write a much more popularly effective poem on Egypt, — or on any other subject of the moment, — than Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poems many of us know by heart, and, indeed, regard as part and parcel of our truest intellectual life. Let us compare their methods of work. Here is a very effective passage from "The Light of Asia," describing the situation of Siddārtha's Palace of Pleasure, fronting the Himalayas : —

Yet not love
Alone trusted the king ; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there
rose

A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards
soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untrod,

Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with
gods.

Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp
laced

With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's
cry,

Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles : under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot

Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.

Here is a great stream of vivid impressions, some of them made vague by names which to the ordinary reader only conceal the meaning, though none the less imposing on that account, — some of them distinct and clear, — all of them studded with vivid points of color, many of which distract the attention from the general effect of the great scene painted.

Tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,

impress the casual reader much more than tamarind trees alone would do. Then, "the stainless ramps of huge Himâla's walls," by which we suppose is (incorrectly) meant "ramparts," tickles the ear. Then, the idea that, by looking upwards, *thought* climbs higher till it seems "to stand in heaven and speak with gods," produces a kind of spurious sense of unimaginable exaltation; and finally, we receive a number of really vivid impressions of the mountain-heights, which are, however, grotesquely contrasted with the plain as "a praying carpet" at the foot of the mountains. That is art of the spangly kind, art which relies on the sparkling detail in it much more than it relies on the wholeness of the effect, which, indeed, deliberately sacrifices wholeness of effect to startling fragments, just as in another passage Siddārtha is described as standing, —

His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

No true poet would have written that word "prodigious," but it will waken the attention and catch the memory of many who would never have noted or recalled a simpler and more natural phrase. It is the word of a clever man trying to become a poet by virtue of standing on intellectual tiptoe; and we cannot imagine a worse way of becoming a poet, or a better way of winning popular attention, if he can but keep up continuously the same strenuous efforts. Now, take a mountain picture, as described by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and one sees the difference at once, — the wholeness of the effect, the subordination of the details : —

In front, the awful Alpine track
Crawls up its rocky stair ;
The autumn storm-winds drive the rack
Close o'er it in the air.

Behind, are the abandoned baths
Mute in their meadows lone;
The leaves are on the valley paths,
The mists are on the Rhone;

The white mists, — rolling like a sea, —
I hear the torrents roar.
Yes, Obermann, all speaks of thee, —
I feel thee near once more.

I turn thy leaves, I feel thy breath
Once more upon me roll,
That air of languor, cold, and death,
Which brooded o'er thy soul.

A fever in these pages burns,
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.

Yes, though the virgin mountain air
Fresh through these pages blows,
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows;

Though here a mountain murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine;
Though as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine;

Yet, through the hum of torrent lone
And brooding mountain bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, like a true poet, groups the effects of the Alpine scene before him round the memory of a solitary dweller in those scenes, whose motives for shrinking from the world he was desirous to recall, and nothing could well exceed the spiritual grandeur of the picture. There are no beads of insulated color in it; nothing that is not subordinate to and in keeping with the whole.

In the other popular writers we have mentioned, we find the same swift movement with the same brilliancy of detail. It is this which makes Professor Tyndall so effective a popularizer of science, for instance. Mark the rapidity with which he narrates and the skill with which he selects his words, so as to produce a graphic conception of a minute phenomenon. In this very paper in *Longman's Magazine*, what can be happier, for the purpose of stamping his meaning on his readers, than his use of the expression, "the wreck of a molecule," for its chemical decomposition by the action of light? It paints exactly what he desires to draw attention to, and paints it most vividly. In science, detail is everything, and the very faculty which often spoils poetry and the higher imaginative writing, discrimi-

nates link from link in the sequence of a scientific process. Mr. Ruskin, again, though one of the most beautiful writers of our day, has gained his popularity greatly by the faults as well as by the beauties of his effects. But his failing is not in the style, but in the eccentricities of his judgment itself, which often manages to distort and bring into undue prominence points which, startling as they are, are startling by their faulty perspective, not by their truth of effect. And again, is it not Mr. James Payn's fault as a novel-writer, — a fault which practically adds enormously to his popularity, — that he is *too* amusing, indulges in too much light comedy, and imparts the effect of a spurious piquancy to his pictures of life? Certainly, that is Canon Farrar's fault as a religious writer. His rhetoric is far too fond of impressive contrasts or combinations; his style is sensational; and it is the sensationalism of his style that wins popularity for sermons often much more valuable in substance than they are in form, though it is the over-rhetorical form, and not the valuable substance, which catches the public ear. It will be observed that in regard to politics, we have selected much more lucid and temperate writers than in regard to any other subject which can stimulate passion, and this, we think, rightly, for on politics the judgment of the great majority of readers is beginning to be an educated judgment, and intolerant of tinsel. Even the *Daily Telegraph* has found this out, and for the most part keeps its special telegraphese for the arcana of social or geographical mysteries. The secret of all popular writing not also good writing is, we are convinced, first, a power of rapid movement, not to say rhapsody, which carries men on, and, next, a power of striking out sudden lights to startle and awaken them. Sometimes, as in scientific exposition, and, again, in the painting of really great historic scenes, these habits are consistent with true art; but even when they are not consistent with true art, they are almost always at the bottom of a great popular reputation.

From All The Year Round.
LIVING CHESS.

COWPER, who like many another good man, would put under ban every recreation in which he did not himself delight, portrays the chess-player marching and

counter-marching his host of wooden warriors, —

With an eye

As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin.

Who, asks he — with a mind well tuned to contemplation — would waste attention on the chequered board? The poet would have endorsed Bishop Beveridge's argument: "Either chess is a lottery or not. If it be a lottery it is not lawful . . . if it be not a lottery, then it is not a pure recreation; for it depends upon man's wit and study, it exercises his brains and spirits, as much as if he were about other things. So that being on one side not lawful, and on the other side no recreation, it can on no side be a lawful recreation."

Neither bard nor bishop would have countenanced the good people of Darlington and Bishop Auckland in parting with their coin to see the vicar and school-master of Heighington play chess in Redworth Park; not with wooden warriors, but with boys and girls, attired in canvas copies of fifteenth century costumes, figuring on the turfy board as kings and queens, rooks and bishops, knights and pawns. *A propos* of this novel device for augmenting the Heighington school fund, a journalist recalled to recollection Adrien Robert's story of a like contest on the plains of Barrackpore between the chief of the Thugs and a representative of John Company. Many attempts had been made on the latter's life, all of which proved ignominious failures; owing, as the adepts at assassination believed, to the protective powers of an old grey felt hat, the favorite head-gear of their foe. To obtain possession of this talisman, and so put matters on a more equal footing, the Thug leader challenged the governor to a game at living chess, undertaking to supply him with men, at the charge of twenty-five pounds sterling per man, it being understood that every "man" taken on either side was to be put to death then and there. The governor promptly accepted the challenge, staking his old hat against the surrender of those concerned in the attempts upon his life. After playing for some hours, the Englishman captured his opponent's queen and actual wife, and then adjourned for luncheon, leaving the Thug chieftain in great perturbation of mind regarding his prospective loss, an anxiety relieved on his adver-

sary's return, by the latter gallantly waiving his right of execution in the lady's case; an unlooked-for act of generosity utterly overcoming her lord, who, in consequence, lost the game, and handed over the stakes.

The imaginative Frenchman's game with living chessmen was not entirely evolved from his inner consciousness. An old traveller avows that the kings of Burmah used to play chess in that grand fashion. Describing Akbar's palace at Delhi, in 1792, Hunter says the pavement of one of the courts was "marked out with squares in the manner of the cloth used by the Indians for playing the game called pachess. Here, it is said, Akbar used to play at the game, the pieces being represented by real persons. On one side of the court is a little square apart, in the centre of which stands a pillar supporting a circular chair of stone, at the height of one storey. Here the emperor used to sit to direct the moves." One of Austria's many Don Johns had a room in his palace paved with black and white marble after the pattern of a chessboard, and there played the game with living pieces. A duke of Weimar turned his soldiers to similar account, as did Frederick the Great and his marshal, Keith, when more serious evolutions were not in hand.

Some half-century ago a futile attempt to popularize living chess here, was made by opening the Lowther Rooms in West Strand — now known as Toole's Theatre — for the purpose. The floor was marked out as a chessboard, and men and women, dressed in appropriate garb, were always in attendance to serve the use of those who chose to pay a crown for the pleasure of playing chess under such unusual conditions. The players sat in boxes overlooking the board, directing the movements of their pieces. The taking of a man was always preluded by a clashing of weapons in mimic combat, before the captured piece retired from the fray. One who tried his skill at the Lowther Rooms found the battling of the men, and their fidgeting about their squares, anything but conducive to the concoction or carrying out of artful combinations; while he was in constant expectation of seeing his forces weakened by some piece or pawn taking huff, and walking off the board, regardless of consequences. Neither players or the public took kindly to the new way of playing the old game, and want of patronage brought the experiment to an end in three months' time.

In 1857, Count Platen gave a grand fancy ball in the Hanover Theatre; opening it with a procession of magnificently arrayed living chessmen, who, the parade over, put themselves in position on a gigantic chessboard, to enable two mock magicians to test their powers, and in so doing afford much amusement to the company, who watched the varying phases of the combat with great interest.

Only three years since, Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Delmar played a game at living chess at the Academy of Music, New York. The stage was covered with alternate squares of black and white Canton cloth, forming a board thirty-two feet square, surrounded by a red border. The kings wore the costume of Charlemagne, their jewel-decked robes differing but in color, one donning red, the other blue; their crowns being in one case gold, in the other, silver — or what passed for such. Rich dresses "of the historical period" draped the forms of the rivalled queens, and "jewelled coronets sat upon their graceful heads." The bishops wore highly decorated vestments, bore mitres, and carried croziers. The knights, wielding heavy pikes, were clad in bright armor. The rooks were distinguished by bearing miniature castles on their heads; and the pawns were represented by pretty girls of uniform height, in amazonian dress, and armed with spears and shields. The players sat on raised platforms with their chessboards before them, a crier announcing each move, and pursuivants conducting the piece or pawn concerned to its proper square. Captain Mackenzie first called: "Pawn to king's fourth." A dainty miss of sixteen, whose long black hair hung loose over her helmet, was led to her square, and when Mr. Delmar's crier also made the same move, the two misses, standing face to face, suspended hostilities for the nonce, and exchanged smiles. The following move brought the captain's knight to the king's bishop's third square, and Delmar made a similar move with his knight to his queen's bishop's square. Delmar's fourth move was the capture of a red pawn by a bishop. Her rosy cheeks assumed a scarlet hue of mortification at being captured at such an early stage of the game, and as the pursuivant led her off, she pouted petulantly. The pouting was repeated on the sixth move, when Delmar, who seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty pawns, pitted a blue-eyed pawn against a red, and she, too, had to retire. The next move was another match of

maiden against miss, and the queen's bishop's pawn of the gallant captain was the third victim. Mackenzie's tenth move, after fine strategic manoeuvres, was a capture of a blue pawn, and three moves later his bishop vanquished a stately knight. The panoplied descendant of Henry the Second, twirling his moustache, sought consolation among the charming prisoners behind the wings. On the twenty-fifth move Delmar made a brilliant sacrifice of his bishop, which proved unfortunate, the captain's thirtieth move giving him checkmate. Doubtless the loser found consolation in the fact that "the game throughout brought out very happily the merits of the various costumes."

From The Spectator.

ROLLING-STONE RAMBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LAZY JOURNEY."

I.

"DID you ever see such a winter as this?" asked one sufferer of another. "Yes, last summer," was the answer. And the melancholy epigram was present in my mind the other day, as I looked listlessly from the window of the Siddons Club, having returned from my holiday outing, upon the usual procession of impure particles which make a London atmosphere; and Wilkins, who never leaves town, but stays there on purpose to abuse it, asked me, in that tone of unoccupied depression which is peculiar to a club window, whether I had ever seen such a London fog as that in September. "Yes," I said, "this September, on the Italian lakes." For it is true that Mrs. Balbus and myself had recently visited those climes of the perennial sun. Years lapse, and I do not like to think how long it is since I chronicled, for the patient readers of the *Spectator*, the story of a lazy ramble through nearer-lying regions, which I ventured to describe under fictitious names, for fear of rousing susceptibilities. That was but my humor, which has passed, like most humors, and leaves me in a mood of solid realism. These kind of half-fairy fancies are but the cynthias of a minute, and "no two dreams are like." Terrefolle has assumed to me the common-place guise of France; Feuille-morte and Eau-qui-dort have evaporated in the guide-book into Avranches and Coutances, and giddy and brilliant Trouville asks me

with scorn how I can have dared to paraphrase her into Trou-vilain? How a man's old work seems to jibe at him sometimes, as he takes it up, as if to say to him, "It isn't *you* that did me, you know!" Three years after: and what changes have passed over the whole mental and moral frame, gradual ministers of the law of growth, forerunners of the final change! Illusions have been lived down, and hopes have been disappointed; dreamed-of reconciliations have not come about, and short, sharp partings have come in where none such were feared, to toss about the cards of life in quite another deal. Unexplained estrangements have elbowed out old friendships, and seeming accident has knit again, more strongly than before, former ties which had been all unloosed; trusted affections have proved as rotten as tinder, where the hot spark of self has fallen; and honor has tumbled like a house without foundations, when treachery and "expediency," vanity and ingratitude, have sprung their little mines beneath it; till looking back, over a three years' space, its moral reads as this, — that there is nothing certain but uncertainty. Of what we believed would be, nothing has been; of what we purposed to do, nothing has been done. But much has been done that we did not purpose; and much has been which we never believed in, and — nobody knows. Even scientific congresses have made mistakes; and only American weather-prophets are never wrong.

Can it be I, for instance, that but three years since was dilating on the advantages of living in a valley, and scoffing at those who built their houses upon hills? How soon afterwards was it that the irony of fate avenged the mountaineers, and the pale spectre of typhoid drove us forth bag and baggage, to join the hill faction at once, and, as I now suppose, forever! My landlord — he was at once of the legal and house-letting persuasions, and therefore doubly acute — was a great admirer of those papers of mine, and for a long time convinced me out of my own mouth (as against my nose), when I suggested smells. The thing was not possible, in so sweet a valley. Moreover, he was one, he said, who had himself lost a thumb through bad drainage, and was sure to be very tender of mine. I have every reason to hope, in the ordinary course of justice, that he has by this time lost the other. I am not vindictive; but, as we said in the Catechism, such is my desire. He persuaded me of many things, assisted

by my views. He spoke of imprudent diet, of the habit of servants to throw vegetables down the sink, and so forth, and for a long time persuasively. The garrison held out. The whole household lived upon brandy-and-water, and nothing else. (After I had left, the local wine-merchant sent me in a magnificent account for succulent drinks which I had never seen. I resisted him before the judge of the county, and had to pay. "My dear sir," said an eminent legal expert, to console me, "the trick is obvious, and 'the books' palpably cooked. But county-court judges always decide for a tradesman versus a 'gentleman,'" which is a pleasant reputation for justices to sleep on; and I am glad I am not one of them.) This is parenthesis; but I am talking of migrations, and I migrated from North Bilton on Silverstreak, this time guarding a strict anonymity, because it is not a good place for simple-minded people to live in. At last my cook took to rolling about on the floor in fits, regularly, when she "opened up" the scullery in the morning. And one evening, after various premonitory whiffs, there burst forth between cod and mutton such an overmastering stink, that we literally packed our clothes and fled into the darkness, then and there. It was impossible even for that soliciting landlord, this time, to persuade me that it was the fish that smelt. No cod could ever do it, even there. It was a Saturday night, as I well remember; for we picnicked for the Sunday at the house of a comparatively sweet and positively hospitable friend; and on the Monday we departed from the district forever, leaving, as our last contribution, a just action behind us, which, I trust, smells sweet, as in the poem, in spite of surrounding example from the county court downwards.

So it was that we left that ancient town upon the river, and found ourselves another home, with all the conditions reversed except as to Conservative members. Our lines are cast this time in a city by the sea, on whose grey-and-blue pattern we look down, from a height above it, over a sloping garden, which provides us with the regulation lawn-tennis ground, circled with a halo of vegetables. We are our own landlords, taught by the bitter experience of another's smells. Henceforth, at least, my smells shall be my own, and I will pay no rent for them. The bonny, bright town, which shall be called Sunbourne, lies before us in a tempting maze of tree-planted streets, which recall

the green alleys and avenues of certain foreign cities. They bisect each other at odd angles, instead of running in a series of parallel lines to the water, after the dull, uncompromising fashion of most seaside towns. And beautiful bits of green, sudden bursts of unexpected fields and parks, with endless varieties of comfortable and tasteful homes, each to itself in its own walled garden, and built in all the quaintnesses of parti-colored form with which modern architects have exorcised the grim, old barrack-spirit of monotony, leave us but small room to regret the cottage in the plain, and the enterprising, but inventive, wine-merchant, or his friend and backer, the county-court judge. Before us a broad plain of level marsh, dotted with old castles and new gas-works, and other landmarks upon the wrinkled face of Time; and behind us, an amphitheatre of breezy down, stretching its arms out to the sea and folding Sun-bourne to its heart, as well it may, in gratitude for the balmiest air and the most perpetual and buoyant sunshine which the spirit of man can crave for; and as a result, I have solemnly recanted to Mrs. Balbus all the theories I formerly expressed as to the proper requisites for a residence; she has said, "Yes, Tom," in each instance in a spirit of un murmuring adhesion; and I cannot tell how it is that I seem to realize that she fails to attach any serious importance to my opinions. Indeed, she distinctly said, upon one occasion, when I was emphasizing the importance of living on a hill, that "we'd got to do it now, and it didn't matter." Some people have a way of putting things which is fatal to argument.

I attribute it partly to the novelty of the new home, and partly to the Machiavellian craft of which I am a master, that for the three years which have passed since that same lazy journey through the Cider lands, I succeeded in staving off the fatal question of foreign parts. I leaned upon the exquisite pleasure of that former tour, and the pity it would be to spoil its memories; I insisted on the disagreeable characteristics of foreigners, and the alluring qualities of home; I quoted Sir Charles Coldstream on the general inadequacy of the Continent, and his opinion even of the crater of Vesuvius, that there was nothing in it; I appealed to my advancing years (for which I was pulled up somewhat sharply); I pointed out that I had seen it all, to be met by the undeniable counter that other people had not; I used household arguments

about the purse, which were forcible, but not convincing; and was met throughout by that steady persistency which wins campaigns and civilizes deserts, and compasses in lesser matters what it will. And so it came about that I found myself committed to a foreign tour, this time upon the understanding that we were to reverse our former plan, — never stop more than two nights anywhere, and see as many lands as could be seen in the space of four weeks. And so we did. Belgium and the Rhine, Coblenz and the Mosel, Heidelberg and the Neckar, Lucerne and the Reuss, Verona and the Adige, with a kaleidoscope of lakes and the climbing of many mountains (in railway trains), chase each other in picturesque confusion through my brain, like the whirligig of spires and towers which, after his famous visit to Oxford, made havoc with the head of Mr. Verdant Green's papa.

It was with a sense of awe due to the occasion, that a day or two ago I took up the *Times* — no lesser medium would have met the emergency — and read therein a letter of some proportions, by a professor of eminent fame, both in the world of science and in that of Alpine enterprise. It was couched in language of much dignity and authority, and the text of it was this. That, on the whole, the weather in Switzerland this summer had not been fine. It was true that this had been for some time freely reported in many prints and in various places, and that a large number of tourists of the baser sort had come to the same conclusion as the professor. But obviously it could not be accepted as a fact till it had received his counter-seal, and it was very good of him to affix, as it were, his black mark to the weather, and to let unscientific people feel sure that it had really rained. I thought it did at the time, myself; and now, of course, I know it. When I came to the end of that letter, tears of gratitude stood in my eyes. I do not mean because I had come to the end of it, but from sympathy with the admirable sentiment which wound it up. In spite of its raining in Switzerland — indeed, whilst it was raining — the professor had heard how we had been winning in Egypt, and felt called upon publicly to express his devout thankfulness that England was still a nation. It was impossible for me — or, I should think, for England — not to feel this condescension on the professor's part all the more, from his having gone rather out of his way to show it, at least to the lay mind.

To the man of science, the connection between the nature of England and the weather in Switzerland may, of course, be clear. But from the outside world, in that letter, that connection was artistically veiled; so much so, that it was impossible to conceive what one fact had to do with the other, except, possibly, that both had occurred to other people before, though they had no authority to mention them. Let me add, however, that the letter was a great comfort to me, because I had just been reading, in the same unerring journal, an article on a text it has been persistently preaching of late, on what may be called the monohippoid or one-horse character of England in the matter of literature. I had derived therefrom the melancholy information that we have no novelists, no playwrights, no humorists, no historians, no poets, and no orators, only a large number of critics — appar-

ently with nothing to criticise — and science, and the *Times*. So I, too, lifted up my voice and wept, and thanked God that we have still critics to tell us of our faults, and professors to let us know when it is raining. How it rained (for I am bound to confirm the professor, and to say that it did), I hope to be permitted to show another day. I remember a dramatist who was congratulated on having obtained the services of a certain actress for his new burlesque. "Yes," he said, "I'm lucky. She can't sing, and she can't dance, and she can't act. And she's very plain. Otherwise she's delightful." So might I say, that we were in Switzerland a fortnight, and never saw the mountains; and in Italy for another, and never saw the sun. And we ate too little, and paid too much. Otherwise, it was lovely.

TOM BALBUS.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALEXANDRIA. — Entering Egypt at Pelusium, Alexander found his fleet already there. The Egyptians crowded to welcome him, and, leaving a garrison in the city, he marched across the desert to Memphis. Here the satrap Mazakes immediately surrendered himself, and an immense treasure came into the hands of Alexander. The whole of Egypt, indeed, submitted with alacrity, as a relief from the insulting despotism of the Persians. The Macedonian hero rested himself for some time in this ancient and magnificent city, offering sacrifices to the god Apis and the other Egyptian deities, and entertaining the people with gymnastics and musical performances. He then sailed down the western branch of the Nile to Canopus, situated at its mouth. Seeing the advisability of removing the seat of government from Memphis to some spot upon the coast which would be more within his power, he determined to found a new metropolis on the shores of the Mediterranean. Hence arose the famous city of Alexandria, afterwards one of the most splendid and important capitals of the world — the great seat of commerce for Europe, Africa, and India, and an intellectual centre of the Greek race, which for several ages exercised a powerful influence over the philosophy and religion of the civilized world. Alexander himself

marked out the circuit of the walls, the direction of the principal streets, and the sites of numerous temples, which were to be dedicated to Grecian and Egyptian deities. The site was on a narrow tongue of land stretching between Lake Mareotis and the sea, and the plan of the city was made to include the adjacent isle of Pharos, which was joined to the other part by a causeway. Two harbors were formed — one on each side of this causeway — for ships coming by sea; and Lake Mareotis was utilized for the reception of exportable produce from the interior. The nucleus of the population was mainly derived from the neighboring town of Canopus. During the rule of the Ptolemies, Alexandria grew immensely in size, in grandeur, in population, and in wealth. Its museum was celebrated in all civilized lands, and the library of Alexandria (the destruction of which has been the subject of contradictory statements) contained the finest collection of Greek classics in the world. In this most interesting city, the East and West may be said to have mingled as in a common centre; and from the consequent interchange of ideas between the more ancient and the more youthful communities of the world, Christianity itself received some of those elements which rank among the philosophical influences of a later epoch.

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